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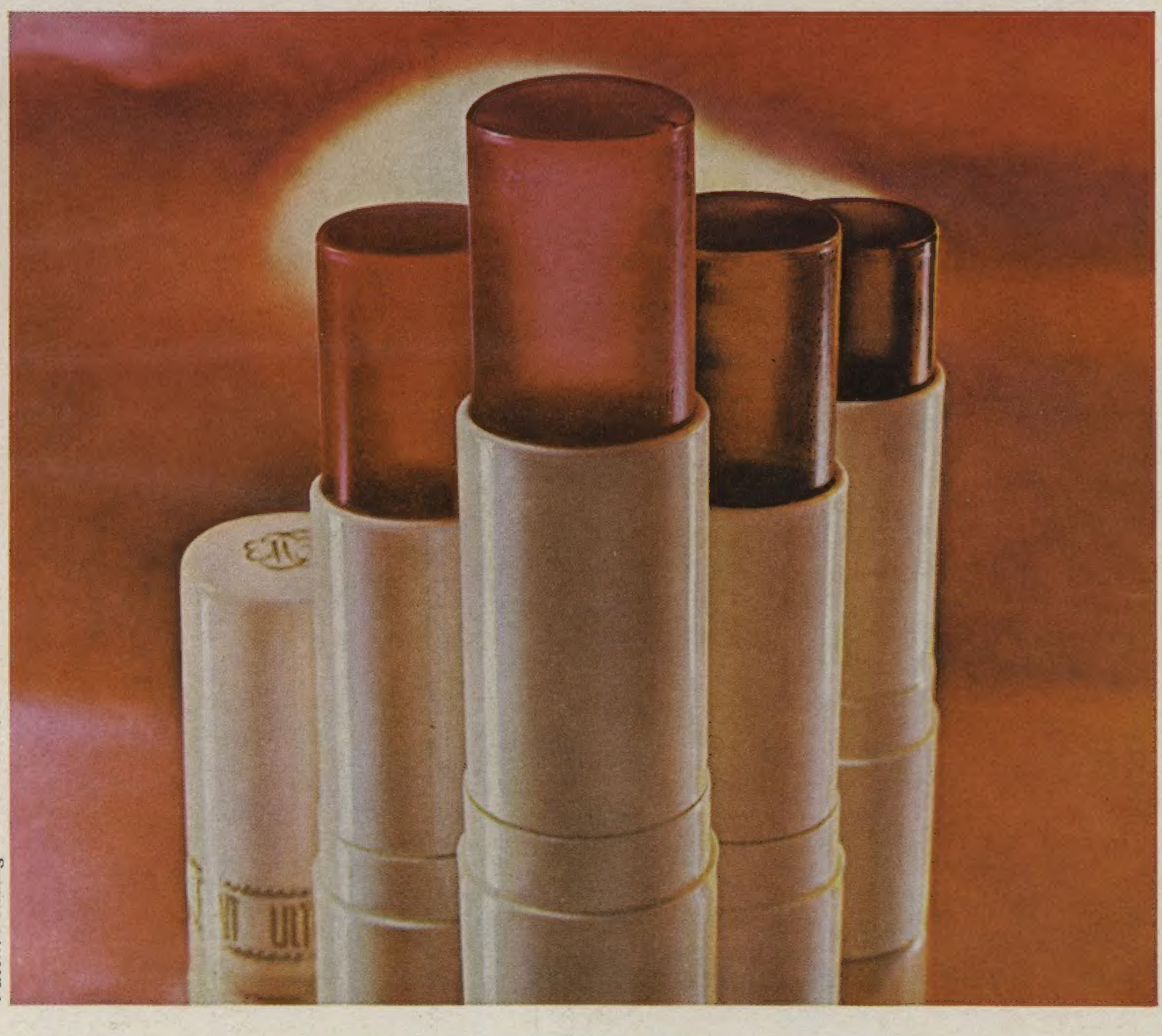


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420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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COVER: Find your look in Kimberly's bright violet mididress; dirndl skirt, buttons all the way (shown full length, page 115). Of wool knitted in America. Dog collar: Peter Monsanto. . . . Find your pretty face with a little help from Bonne Bell: Frosty Blush to gleam up cheeks and highlight eyes; Mock Orange 2000 lipstick plus gloss shines your mouth. And for the healthy swing and lustre up top there's super Hair Conditioner. François of Kenneth coif.

FASHION

53 Vogue's Eye View: On Their Way . . . Genevieve Waite
56 The Girls of Today in the Look of Today: Ann Schaufuss; Ann Watson; Françoise Hardy; Diane de Monbrison; Olga Georges-Picot; Deborah Dufour; Baronne François de Nerciat
76 Find Your Look: putting the new long-line fashions together for fall, with Penelope Tree; Laura Bernard; Charlotte Rampling
100 Fastest Fun in the West: Michael Douglas, Pete Duel, John Guedel . . . and Gunilla Lindblad in racy new fashion gear, photographed at the Ontario Motor Speedway in California
104 More Dash Than Cash: Joanna Shimkus in nifty little looks at thrifty little prices
112 More Ways to find your long-line look: the swinging coat in fake fur, tapestry, suède; long tops with pants-in-boots; corselet belts with shirts and skirts
138 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

47 Food Gazette. By Maxime McKendry
49 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere
54 "Up Is Better Than Down." By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
55 Isabella Rossellini
86 The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud, A Dance-Drama, Fierce, Magical
88 People Are Talking About . . . Gary and Antonia Orfield
90 32 Actionists—15 to 28
94 Sex, Virginity, Money: An Interview with Dr. Bruno Bettelheim
96 Paolo Soleri, Genius. By James Harithas
98 Winter Rug. By Richard Brautigan
99 The New Culture. By Richard Goldstein
124 The Smeraldina's Billet Doux: Short Story by Samuel Beckett
148 "He spoke to me. He won't do that again." By Quentin Crewe

FASHIONS IN LIVING

45 Vogue's Decorating Finds and Ideas
132 Mr. and Mrs. Steven Jacobson's New York Apartment: Colour at Full Cry. Photographed by Horst

BEAUTY

8 Beauty Checkout: Head Start on Facekeeping; Hair Lib—it's all in the cut
20 Beauty Checkout: Tina Chen and the beauty of serenity
26 Vogue's Ready Beauty
126 Beauty Bulletin: Nexercises and further news on the saving of necks.
131 Beauty Bulletin: Acne—Who gets it and why . . . How doctors deal with it now

DEPARTMENTS

36 Vogue's Notebook: The Butler-Hambro Wedding in London
38 Vogue's Spotlights: Theatre, by Martin Gottfried; Movies, by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.; Movies, by Albert Goldman; Movies, by Ann Birstein; Art, by Barbara Rose; Books, by Elizabeth Hardwick
51 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
149 Vogue's Travelog
150 Vogue's School Directory

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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 2201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

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MOON DROPS

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Head start on face-keeping Have you noticed the glaring coincidence of mother with beautiful skin, daughter with same? It's not all a happy genetic happening. As a matter of fact, according to many authorities, it's not at all genetic. Great skins are the products of intensive, knowledgeable care, and a woman who has learned her lessons well passes them on to her girl. . . . A man acutely aware of this is Dr. Erno Laszlo, the skin specialist who brought his findings and formulations to the U.S. from his native Hungary thirty-one years ago and is, at the Erno Laszlo Institute in New York, prescribing his celebrated face-keeping rituals now to the third generation of Beautiful People. (We know one blond dazzler of eight who is on his very-hard-to-get-onto client list, along with her mother and grandmother.) . . . "The point in time when a girl begins seriously caring for her skin determines its later condition, influences its rate of aging," said the doctor. "Aging changes can not be removed once they have appeared, *but they can be postponed.*" What steps should a girl be taking to prevent her face from too early growing old? For one, she should keep her little hands off her little face. No squeezing. "Skin is like glass. If you break it in one place, the surrounding glass is shattered also. When the surface of the skin is broken, the resulting scarring remains for life." . . . Thorough soap and water cleansing is, in Dr. Laszlo's book, as unequivocally vital to a good complexion as is the surgeon's scrub to the success of his operation. It makes little sense to Dr. L. that some of the very same people who wouldn't go a day without soaping their bodies get chary about soaping their faces. Indeed Laszlo clients, every generation of them, follow the famous Laszlo ceremony of 30 rinses, morning and evening. They fill a basin with very hot water, wet face and neck, lather well with the prescribed Laszlo soap, then splash face 30 times *with the same soapy water.* No compromises allowed. You don't, for instance, do this rinsing in the tub or under the shower nor with a washcloth—or you are in trouble with the doctor. . . . They also protect their faces at all times in all climes. Even the Laszlo makeup foundation and face powder come as makeup only for convenience. They provide colour, yes. But nourishment and continuing guard duty is their real motivation. "Makeup should not be used to hide a bad skin." . . . Since Dr. Laszlo's preparations are planned to work with each other on an all-or-nothing basis, the initial batch of personalized face-keepers is apt to set one back quite a few ten-dollar bills. Especially good news for face-keeping neophytes (and second- and third-generation Laszloites) is that the compounds are now coming out in smaller, thriftier sizes for travel. . . . Laszlo-trained consultants prescribe them to your own very special skin at such shops as Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman-Marcus.

Hair lib . . . it's all in the cut If it's curly, so be it. Long may it wave. Forego the straightening and forget the crinkle at the hairline. . . . If it's straight, get a permanent with the teensiest-weensiest rods in the business—and don't set it. That's the word on curl from the swinging hairdressers. It's the easiest hair around—you can wash it and wear it in minutes—and the trick is in the cutting. With Paul McGregor, the master snipper who does Julie Christie and Jane Fonda, it goes this way. Short curls on crown, then it layers down; the length is in back where it curves to the neckbone, sometimes to shoulders. A cutting variation leaves it all curls on top, straighter down sides. Either way it never requires setting. Paul cuts it so that it automatically falls into position when you do it yourself. In his shop he shapes the coif with a blow-dryer—"It sets the hair more naturally, makes the hair fuller." . . . Paul, whose own curly mop is a splendid example of this free-glowing style, comb-dries his hair at home with his fingers. "My kids think it's a gas when I walk around the house flipping my hair dry. They don't realize this is serious business." . . .

More Beauty Checkout, page 20



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The American Way With Wool



Jane Irwill liberates the body with these two new sweaters designed with the pure fashion power of pure wool. Left, the ensemble that puts it all together. Straight, smooth-textured pants, sizes 6 to 16, about $24. Ribbed midi vest, sizes 6 to 16, about $28. And ruffled sweater, sizes 34 to 40, about $18. Right, the ribbed crochet knit separates. The long skinny pull, sizes 34 to 40, about $18. Gaucho pants, sizes 8 to 16, about $20. All in glowing colors, to give you complete freedom of choice.

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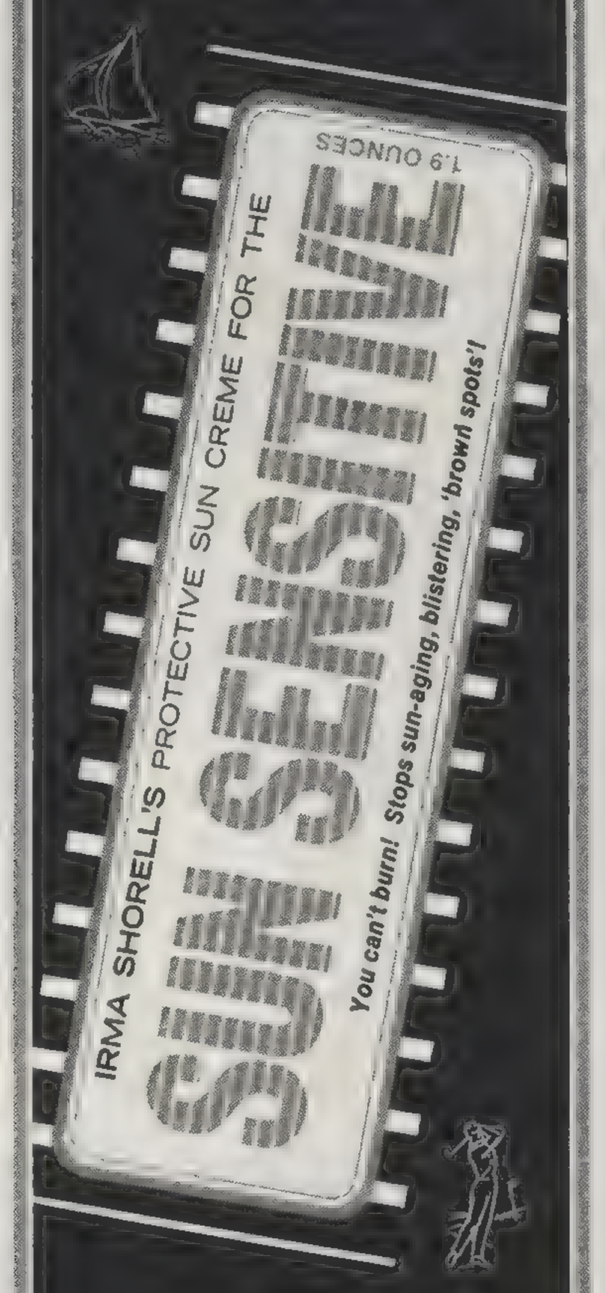
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

AUGUST 1

Tina Chen, China doll

"To be beautiful is to be happily active and usefully busy," she said—and we had to admit that Tina Chen is a pleasurably lovely model of her philosophy. Born in mainland China, Tina, the daughter of a Nationalist China Washington Embassy official, is, like many of today's energetic, bright young people, a doer, an actionist, with two demanding careers. She is first of all an actress with an Emmy nomination, and a major rôle in the film *The Hawaiians* to her credit; and second, a serologist (that translates as technician in blood research). A natural beauty with the graceful proportions of a *bodhisattva*, Tina has a flawlessly clear complexion, long, shiny tar-black hair, and a smile that breaks as brilliantly as a Hong Kong sunrise when she speaks. Her voice is quiet, her manner shy, but what she says comes out with simple directness. "My father urged me to go into medical research even though I knew I wanted to be an actress and studied acting as well," she said. "He felt it would give me an extra strength and security. He was right," she added, "in more ways than he possibly knew at the time." One effect that Tina feels even her father did not foresee is her special awareness of "the chemistry of things, of the reactions between me and the people I meet, the places I go, the things I do, the things I wear and use, even the food I eat. . . . Because of my job, I'm a label reader and it frightens me how often I see chemicals listed that I see in the laboratory in bottles marked dangerous." As a result, Tina eats mostly natural foods, raw fruits and vegetables. Offscreen she uses little makeup and prepares her own beauty creams—her favourite being her own blend of puréed almonds, honey, and cream. She washes her hair twice weekly with a tar-base shampoo and conditions it with egg yolks. She exercises regularly—the deep breathing sort of exercise—and spends two minutes each morning standing on her head. "It jolts your circulation," she said. "Well-circulating blood is more important than most women realize." Tina, who has the advantage of being able to take her own blood count regularly, keeps it in shape with natural vitamins and mineral-rich health foods.



ALEXIS WALDECK

The beauty of serenity

"My mother, who is still a very beautiful woman, looked like a young girl until she was past forty," Tina told us. "I really believe her ability to keep outwardly serene and inwardly composed helped. It's something women used to learn to do as naturally as breathing in the East because of a religious or philosophic outlook. Contact with the West is changing that, but it's something more American women particularly need to learn, instead of turning to pills and drugs for inner tranquility. That's artificial, unreal, and can eventually become a means of ruining not only their mental health but their body chemistry." From which we translate "their looks, too.". . . We're studying, Tina, starting now. . . .

(More Beauty Checkout, page 8)

This is

THE TREVIRA ERA

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Love your hair



New! Wella Care Do.

At last you don't have to put your hair up every night.

Now from Wella: Care Do, the first hair set with memory. Actually makes your hair remember the set from shampoo to shampoo. Set your hair with Care Do and it stays set. All silky and shining and clean. Wella Care Do texturizes and adds body, too. So if the wind blows, let it. Your Care Do set bounces back every time.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care.
Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA



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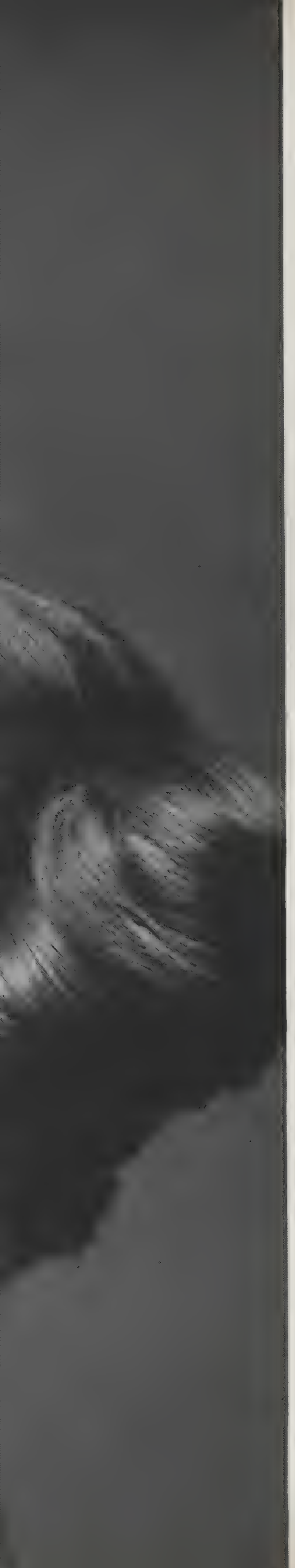
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OF DALLAS

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PANTENE® TOTAL HAIR CARE.

FOR WOMEN WHO ARE TIRED OF WEARING OTHER WOMEN'S HAIR.

Time was you could hide your bedraggled hairs under a glossy store-bought fall. Time was when that was the status hairdo, and it didn't matter if the hair wasn't yours.

But *now* look. Look at the ringlets and curls and flips. Can you *bear* to miss out on all that fun?

The time has come to get your own hair back into working condition. Full of body and bounce and shine. Eager to take and hold a set.

It takes total hair care to do all that. Total Hair Care from Pantene. Five precious products, each made here with our unique Swiss Conditioners. Each made to reinforce the good the others did.

1. The Treatment De Pantene: Our super-rich Swiss Conditioner. Actually builds body into each hair. Adds the glow and feel of silk. Once a month is a must for this.

2. Shampoo De Pantene: Rich with conditioners. Un-soapy. Un-drying. And so efficient you need only shampoo once.

3. Pre-Forming De Pantene: Untangles and quick-conditions your newly washed hair. Without undoing its body and texture.

4. Forming De Pantene: For *the* set. Conditions as it adds extra body and thickness. Actually *forms* your hair into the hairdo you design.

5. Hair Spray De Pantene: Our conditioner-spray. To hold that hairdo firmly but gently. Doesn't dull. Doesn't dry.

All things Pantene come in special formulas for different hair types. All are specially good for color-treated hair.

Total Hair Care from Pantene. For After the Fall.



HAIR DE PANTENE: TOTALLY BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Only at the best stores and finest salons.

Annie has plumped 10,384 pillows, but you'd never guess yours is her 10,385th.



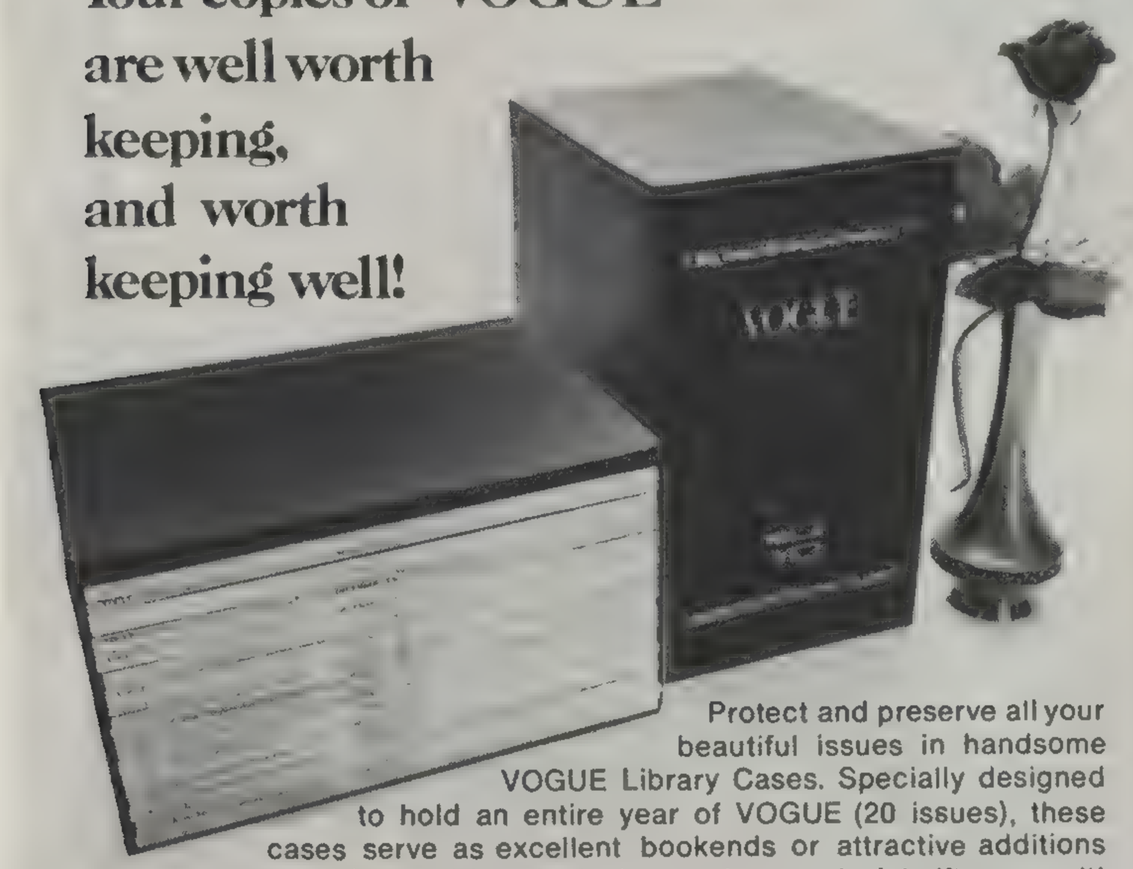
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Young loves

Women's Lib or no, there is a certain moodiness, a tiny diminuendo of the spirit that responds gratefully and femininely to something new and frivolous. Your mother would have crept out and bought an eloquent hat. For you, it's far more likely to be an imaginative something to make your face more flabbergasting. . . . **The lowered lid,** for instance, is Dorothy Gray's latest project to gladden your outlook. From the Secret of the Sea collection there have emerged two slender white and gold compacts, each with a palette of four under-stressed creamy powder shadows, each with its own double-edged wand—a sable brush on one end, and a foam tip on the other. Neutral Eyeshadow Collection holds palest pink, yellow, beige, lavender, and Pastel Eyeshadow Collection has equally sotto voce blue, green, turquoise, and plum. . . . **Pot luck** offers a demi-dozen mauve-circled boîtes from Yardley, each holding masses of deliciously scented and tinted (well—one is neutral) lip gloss. Apply it provocatively, with your little finger, as Clara Bow must have done in 1922. . . . **Clean sweep** is what Noxzema has been doing for complexions since well before the first World War. This extraordinary and quite unique snowiness that creams on and washes off, is still made according to the same brilliant secret formula worked out by a Baltimore pharmacist who was light years ahead of his time. Noxzema cleanses your face scrupulously with neither the dryness of soap nor the oiliness of cream, in addition to which it leaves a delicately moist, medicinally protective film as a combination makeup adherent and boo-boo deterrent. . . . **August body** is coveted by every damsel in a state of distress, whose babyfine hair lies limp and lachrymose in the steamy simmer of late summer. Wella's great Gentle Care hair conditioner newly comes in Extra Body, formulated to make the most of reluctant hair in an incredible sixty seconds. One works it in after shampooing, pauses for a minute, then rinses it out. The ensuing sensation of body, shine, and springiness is nothing less than euphoric. Extra Body is identifiable by its pink and white box. Regular is, as always, done up in blue and white. Both are notable assets all twelve months of the year. . . . **Face facts** and let's clear things up a little—blemishes, for instance, that may attack an oily skin. Why not face a few sessions with Elizabeth Arden's Ardena Complexion Clear—a pretty-pink cleansing cream that works on controlling oil output and banishing blemishes all the time it's cleaning. . . . As everyone knows, on a clear face you can gaze forever. . . .

(More Ready Beauty, page 30)

It took a gynecologist to invent Carefree Tampons

If you've always thought a tampon is a tampon and they're all pretty much alike, think again.

Think about a tampon that is so absorbent, a regular size absorbs more than the leading brand's super size.

Think how you are made internally. Then consider that a Carefree* Tampon works the way you are made. It expands in width only, not in length like ordinary tampons. It doesn't stretch out, flatten out, thin out inside you. Instead it fluffs up, plumps up to prevent seeping. And spotting. Or anything unpleasant.

Now think about the way you insert a tampon. With an awkward cardboard or plastic applicator. A problem to dispose of. And a fairly hit or miss affair when it comes to proper placement.

Not with Carefree. This tampon was made so that it doesn't need an applicator. A Carefree Tampon goes where it should go because you're in complete control of insertion. No guesswork. No need to fool with an insertion mechanism. And there's nothing to dispose of except the tampon itself.

Now, these are a lot of the reasons why you should start to use Carefree the very first day of your next period. Can you think of any reasons why you should not?

A gynecologist studied the tampon problem and came up with Carefree. You don't have to be a gynecologist to see why.



Carefree TAMPONS

Ask your gynecologist.

Carefree Tampons

Free Sample Offer: For a trial box of 10 Carefree Tampons, send 10c to cover mailing and handling costs to: Personal Products Company, P.O. Box 67-11, Milltown, N.J. 08850. Specify Regular or Super. Offer limited to one per family.

*Carefree is a Registered Trademark of Personal Products Company.

If you want good nails, you've got to grow them.

There is no magic to having good nails. There is nothing that will turn bad nails into good ones overnight.

To have good nails that last, you have to grow them. And you can grow them yourself. You just need a little help. We have it for you.

rrp. There's nothing artificial about rrp. It's made from the same natural proteins and keratin your nails are made of. rrp even has a patent. Brush it on every day. Soon you'll find your nails aren't continually threatened by chipping, cracking and peeling. Because they're your own. Because you grew them yourself. The rrp method is the way Nature chose. Don't you think you should follow her example?

rrp

Try the rrp method for all over beauty care. Like our protein shampoo and bath gel.
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Eye cue

Now that it is no longer mandatory to wear dark glasses in candle-lit drawing rooms, one intercepts fringe-y, flirty glances and sidelong smoulders on every hand. And since smouldering is best done with a clear eye, surrounded by dewy-satin skin, Marcella Borghese has just installed The Correctors, a trio of tender loving care packages: Eye Opener drops to soothe and glisten; Crease Resistor, a delicate oil stick to use night and day; and Undercover, a skin-coloured cream for blotting out under-eye brackets.

Hair base

Anyone who considers the whooping crane a rara avis has never compiled figures on women who are satisfied with their hair. It is to the highly vocal—not to say peevish—majority who are not, that Breck addresses its new Breck Satin, which they describe as the first "foundation" for the hair. Creme or Lotion, it apparently imbues dry, willful locks with manageability, gloss, improved texture, even sun protection. It goes on after shampoo, does its job in minutes.

Showers likely

Since this is the time of year when one reels in and out of the shower too often to keep score, it is bliss to find a new and pleasurable way to keep one's body skin from desperation dryness. Givenchy has just launched a perfumed Shower Bath Oil Spray that is spread from throat to heels *before* you get wet. For some marvellously complex reason, all the special oils and balms do their maximum smoothing once the water hits. Breathe deeply, as Shower Bath Oil may be had in tinkly-flowery Le De or in enigmatic L'Interdit.

To be absolutely franc

One endearing French charm is a wholly Gallic trait for improvisation—taking a look and presenting it interestingly, innovatingly, inexpensively. A case in point is Cosmair's inclusive new collection of cosmetics for the young. Twenty is its name, and it is splendidly coordinated, breezily packaged, lovably priced—nothing costs more than $2. There are three kinds of lipstick: Frosted, Creme, and Translucent, in sixteen tasty colours. A really sheer foundation is put up unbreakably in plastic; a compact holds pressed powder shades to match; there's a wafer of a case with blusher and brush; myriad varieties of eye makeup; and nail polishes in scrumptious colours, both frosted and cream.

(More Ready Beauty, page 32)

NEXT IN VOGUE

REMAKING YOUR FACE...

great breakthroughs in surgery that can restore or create a beautiful face

DON'T MISS THIS ARTICLE IN VOGUE AUGUST 15

"VALLEY SET" MAKES THE KNIT LIFE FANTASTIC–IN DACRON®.



Anne Haly designs the "Oliver"-collared shirtdress and the smashing tunic pantsuit in diagonal doubleknit. Doubleknit with the super shape-keeping and easy care of Dacron* polyester, the fiber that keeps a knit fit forever. Both, in honey, navy, ginger or fern green. The shirtdress, 8-18, about $46†. The tunic suit, 6-18, about $68†. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Hutzler's, Baltimore; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Rich's, Atlanta. For additional stores, see column listing on opposite page.

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the second deodorant™
you may need whether you know it or not.



Norforms,®
the internal deodorant,
stop feminine odor
where it starts.

Sure, your underarm deodorant protects you. Under your arms.

But what about an even more serious odor problem—internal feminine odor? For that you need Norforms, the *second deodorant™*.

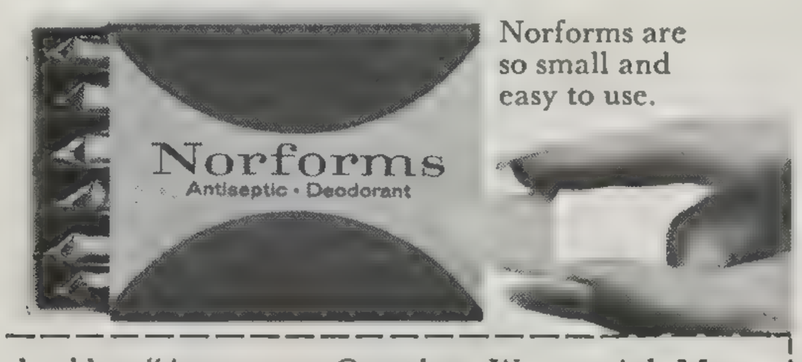
It's every woman's worry...

Germs inside you every day cause *internal* odor—an odor different from the one on the *outer* vaginal area. So even regular bathing or feminine sprays won't solve the problem. They can't get inside to give protection internally where this problem starts. And many doctors say you shouldn't douche daily.

Is there any solution?

Yes. Norforms...the internal deodorant. Just insert! These tiny suppositories spread an antiseptic germ-killing film to stop odor internally where it starts. And they're so safe, you can use Norforms as often as necessary to feel fresh and secure.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Nationwide spa network

The Spartan life is always at its most winsome when steeped in luxury. Deborah Szekely, founder and director of California's beautiful, mountain-ringed, flower-fragrant Golden Door, operates on the demonstrable theory that there should be considerably more pleasure than pain in getting whipped into shape, which is why beautiful people are always streaming through the Golden Door. So many of them have begged to have the superb skin-care concoctions for home use that Mrs. Szekely has just made them available by mail order from Golden Door Cosmetics, The Golden Door, Escondido, California 92025. Among all the sumptuousness: Green Meadow herbal cream cleanser, a whip that smells of mint and spirits grime away with dispatch; Soap Drops, a clean, un-soap formula for follow-up cleansing; Swan Maiden moisturizer, which has a soppingly rich linger for parched pelts; Coolth of the Eye, tenderly protective and tremendous for sunning. Makeup abounds as well.

Sea note

Anyone who leads a rich fantasy life has nothing but the turquoise-and-emerald waters of the Mediterranean coursing through her bathtub. Well, as of this minute, if you have the potted palm tree, John Robert Powers stands ready to supply Mediteraño—eight beneficences for bathing that should saturate at least three of your senses with the smell, caress, and even colour of the sea at Forte dei Marmi. There's Bath Oil Fragranza—delicately emollient and *un*-oily; Bubbling Bano to billow you in moisturized foam; blue-green Bath Crystals Minerales; Refresca Rub for prodigal splashing; Moisturizer Di Crema that splurges onto your skin to turn it to silk; Body Shampoo Divina, a glorious sea-coloured gel for all-over cleansing; Dusting Powder Delicado and Cologne Spray Concentrate. The scent is brilliant and spice-laden, and it clings attentively.

Overnight success

What can compare to the brisk satisfaction, the inner glow that comes with getting rid of superfluous things that crowd and ruffle one's life. Picture then, the outer glow of your complexion as it blissfully rids itself of dreary, dead-cell debris during the night, and wakes up morning after morning to a positively kindergarten polish. 2nd Début has worked out a new kind of bedtime cream, Nite-Lift, based on a special agent that helps slough away surface cells while you sleep. The action is gentle, efficient and incredibly emollient, because Nite-Lift is flooded with the famous Cellular Expansion Factor that makes all 2nd Début goodies so moisture-full.



Elegant new separates in double knit of 100% pure virgin wool. The collection in stripes and solids, misses' sizes. Frock coat, about $62, ribbed sweater, about $20, flared trousers, about $28. Striped tunic, about $38, straight-line trousers, about $26, scarf, about $12

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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

THE BUTLER-HAMBRO WEDDING IN LONDON





In a snap-crackle-dash international wedding, American Robin Butler and British Rupert Hambro were married in the Saint Thomas More chapel of Chelsea Old Church, close by the Thames. Later, the couple and their friends, many of whom flew in from New York, went on to lunch at the Ritz, shining with flowers and light.











JACK NISBERG

1. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert N. Hambro, the bride and groom, and Mr. Nicholas Peto. 2. Princess Stanislas Radziwill, Mr. David Metcalfe, Prince Stanislas Radziwill. 3. Mr. Francis Boyer, father of the bride, and Mr. Jocelyn Hambro, father of the groom. 4. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand and Mr. Henry Paul Channon, M.P. 5. Mrs. Jocelyn Hambro, mother of the groom, Mr. Hugh van Cutsem, Mr. John Nutting, The Countess Beatty. 6. Miss Janet Lyle, Mme. Jean-Claude Abreu. 7. The Earl of Lichfield and H.R.H. Princess Georg of Denmark. 8. Mr. Rodolphe d'Erlanger, Miss Sarah Giles. 9. The bride greeting the Baron and Baronne Thierry van Zuylen.



we've cut the cord . . .

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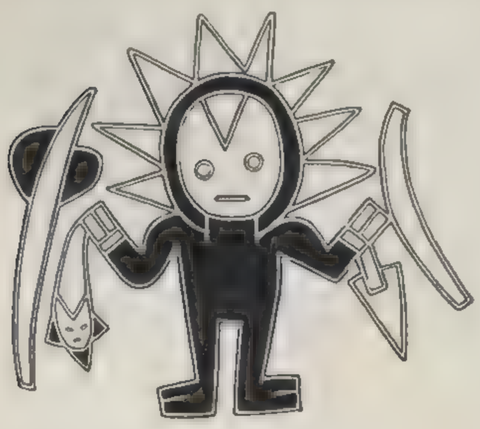


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The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 10028 G2

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud

Robert Wilson is a kind of magic dance theatre metaphysician visionary. His things are indefinable, as much art and dance as they are theatre. Hardly anyone has seen them because hardly anyone ever heard of him and he doesn't do what he does very often. Besides, his kind of beauty—which is exquisitely refined; his kind of humour—which is crazy; and his whole point of view —which is the coating on a mirror, just wouldn't reach a lot of people. In fact, it can irritate the people it *does* reach. So, when Wilson gave one of his rare showings—two performances of *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud*—at the Brooklyn Academy of Music recently, the big house was less than half filled, but by the kinkiest people in town. They loved it but left early.

The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud is a spectacle that has little to do with Freud (in a biographical sense) except that he and Anna Freud are among the seemingly hundreds of characters. It begins on a beach, so extraordinarily set (by Fred Kolouch) and lighted (by Rick Nelson) that it is in every sense a kinetic period painting, the period being relatively Victorian. One runner in a track suit is jogging crisscross stage, and does so throughout the more-than-three-hour evening. The other (extraordinary) sets, though they are indoors, have openings (like sound-stage doors) that look out onto the beach so that you can still glimpse the jogger, as well as an occasional dog and a white llama, through them. The dog, a lamb, a llama, and a snake are the only live animals onstage, but there are plenty of fake ones—bears, a walrus, a lion, a camel, a tiger, a gorilla, a cow, and a giant turtle that creeps its way across the stage in all the acts.

Well, it can be very boring, even if the boredom—the repetition and lethargy (like a dreamy river)—is intentional. There is something very funny about ultimate slowness. Still, the show is altogether marvellous and unique, in its own way magnificent, fantastic, extravagant (I'll say), amazing, and hilarious. Though no comparisons are really possible, Wilson does make you think of Ernie Kovacs and Federico Fellini. Kovacs because the comedy is so surreal and blithely pointless (thirty-eight Aunt Jemimas of varying sizes, shapes, and genders, seeping onstage like a thick parade). Fellini because the visions are hallucinatory, singular, and illogical, there just to be looked at.

Virtually everything is silent, though there are some antiverbal monologues. Most of the time, what you see is tableau. For example: three men playing chess or a game on a table in a drawing room that towards the end of the act gradually becomes partially filled with hay. Scores of others sit, stand, or wander in and out: A padded dancer in the sand. A woman seated centre-stage with a stuffed raven on her arm, motionless for thirty minutes. A chair suspended at the top of the stage arch (and half way down during the next act). Two sets of furred fifty-foot animal legs, lumbering their way cross stage.

So time and reason end—they are sliced in half—and we open into a world beyond, a world of the fabulous dream memory. It is the soul of theatre. I don't think it matters whether it is "a viable theatre form" or "leading anywhere." Just, there it is. (*Note:* See photographs of *Freud* on page 86.)

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Catch-22, "*disappointment*"

What went wrong? Here was Joseph Heller's hallucinatory satire, the wildest and most murderous of contemporary visions of war; here was Mike Nichols, the director whose intelligence, wit, and sardonic imagination qualified him perfectly to convert the novel into a film; here was Alan Arkin, who must have been the man Heller had in mind when he conceived Captain Yossarian. Yet the result, despite flashes of excitement and originality, is in the main laborious and leaden.

One thing that went wrong, I think, is that Nichols got his wars mixed up. As a novel, *Catch-22* was about World War II. Its point, I take it, was that the inherent momentum and madness of the military machine generated monstrosities even when the war was good and necessary. As a film, *Catch-22*, while still set in World War II, is really not about that war at all. It is about the war in Viet Nam—a war in which monstrosities occur not in spite of but because of the nature of the war. Instead of an attack on the military machine, it becomes an attack on all wars. But has the Viet Nam war really reduced all wars to its own level?

The film constantly intimates Viet Nam parallels. In the novel Colonel Cathcart, the commanding officer, is thirty-six years old. Played by Martin Balsam in the film, he is a grizzled maniac in his fifties, bearing a considerable resemblance to Lyndon B. Johnson. To remove any doubt in the matter, Colonel Cathcart is given a scene, not to be found in the book, where he receives a subordinate while sitting on a toilet—an unmistakable allusion to what is said to have been one of the less beguiling administrative habits of the former President. Thus Cathcart's escalation of his war seems to spring from the basic policy madness of Viet Nam, not from the more complicated problem of military madness within a rational policy of World War II.

Joseph Heller achieved an extraordinary tension between horror and farce. The film is too often heavy-handed. Take the elaborate overemphasis in the chaplain's reaction to Colonel Cathcart on the toilet, for example; or the ponderous irony of a scene where two characters, walking a landing strip and discussing a business deal, remain oblivious to the plane skidding by them and exploding into flames. The movie *Catch-22* lacks the poise and control necessary to walk its high wire.

This may derive in part from the difficulty of compressing a long, perhaps overlong, novel, with a complex structure and a mob of characters, into a two-hour movie. The screenplay skims so many episodes so quickly that the dramatis personae are, in many cases, inadequately established and the pattern of the film is hard to follow. Among the actors, Alan Arkin seems an unduly passive and even somnambulistic Yossarian. Perhaps Anthony Perkins as the chaplain and Orson Wells as General Dreedle come off best; but the kaleidoscopic style of the film makes it hard to judge performance.

Can one's disappointment come from having expected too much? Certainly the film has its lovely moments, both visually (a squadron of planes taking off in a shimmering dawn) and dramatically (Yossarian in the hospital). But I can not resist the feeling that a much less pretentious, polished, and worked-up film —I mean, of course, *M*A*S*H*—comes closer to catching the gay and savage anarchy of Joseph Heller's novel.

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

The Strawberry Statement, "*scorn*"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Albert Goldman, who has written about books and music for Vogue, is adjunct associate professor of English and Comparative Literature at the School of General Studies of Columbia University in New York. Assessing the 1968 strike by students there, he said, "I think now that their revolt has produced more valuable improvements in the school than any other student action in the United States."*

When Hollywood was a dream factory turning out beguiling fantasies about beautiful men and women, its impact on ordinary life was immeasurable. A whole generation grew up emulating its celluloid heroes. Now that Hollywood has become "relevant," by peppering its pictures with dirty words and ribald images, people sit back and laugh at the caricatures on the screen.

That's what happened the night I saw *The Strawberry Statement*—the adaptation of James Simon Kunen's book about the 1968 student revolt at Columbia University—with a roomful of Columbia students. The students' scorn for the Hollywood image of themselves came yeasting to the surface as soon as the characters began to talk politics and play at sex. It was all as unreal as the camera ballet around an imaginary campus in San Francisco, recording in pretty colours the choreographed antics of student demonstrators, the arch comedy lines of student wise guys, and the coy flirtations of the politically innocent hero (Bruce Davison) and his politically insistent girl friend (Kim Darby).

The contrast between this slick campus idyll and the fumbling, frightening, fracturing reality of student revolt was dismaying to kids who'd had their heads clubbed. When the hero—a pubescent Peter Fonda-type with a huge mop of silky blond hair, pink dolly-boy skin, and a sweet adenoidal mouth—began to spout all the familiar clichés about how hard he worked to get into college and how much he abhored violence, the audience revolted. Hurling sarcastic comments at the screen, they jeered this namby-pamby and his girl, a round-eyed Campbell's Soup Kid, making speeches about the sacredness of love and revolution.

A secret weapon lay in the director's hands, however, unsuspected by the audience. After an hour and a half of cutesy dialogue and hazy romantic shots of the lovers, the film suddenly turned violent in its last ten minutes. Pulling out all the stops in that other Hollywood tradition, the smoke-and-gore War, Western, and Gangster flick, the director focused his cameras on an endlessly protracted sequence in which the revolting students are set upon by the National Guard and brutally gassed, beaten, and maimed. Hard to take even in a context that justified it, this blood bath was intolerable as the punch line to a cotton-candy romance. Some kids got up and walked out. Others looked on sickly, angrily, condemned by the conventions of the cinema to be bludgeoned in their seats.

What this film had to do with James Kunen's wry, ironic diary, his instinctively perfect registration of the awful embarrassment of finding yourself a figure in history, escaped me completely. Obviously, there are still very few people in Hollywood who can read and even fewer who can translate a contemporary event to the screen without distorting it with campus-movie sentimentality or war-movie brutality.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

The Out-of-Towners, "*sucker for Simon*"

It's not that Neil Simon has made up anything new in the way of New York catastrophes in *The Out-of-Towners,* only that he's piled them up so simultaneously that the movie seems at first to suffer from an excess of comic exaggeration. How could so *much* befall an innocent couple from Ohio in the course of a single day in the big city? Or so you think until you run out of the theatre with gum-clotted shoes, have the door of a bus slammed shut in your face, hail a cab in frenzied traffic, refuse the driver's offer to sell you his used afternoon newspaper, and then get stuck while an Italian delegation pickets a shoe store—for *what?*—all in the space of ten minutes. So much for problems of verisimilitude. Also, while we're at it, for the fact that although Neil Simon wrote *The Out-of-Towners* specifically for the screen, it's quite the same sort of static comedy as any of his stage plays. If none of this bothers you, and if in addition you're a sucker for Neil Simon, *The Out-of-Towners* will seem like a very funny movie.

As usual, Jack Lemmon turns in a comic performance far above the call of duty, this time as George Kellerman, in plastics, hysterically and hilariously trying to meet a 9:00 A.M. appointment guaranteeing him a vice-presidency, an insanely reasonable man faced with endlessly circling airplanes, lost luggage, cancelled hotel reservations, muggings in the park, and all the mishaps reserved for nervous husbands and maybe mankind in general, all the while taking down names for possible future lawsuits and telling his wife not to worry. As the wife who isn't worried, Sandy Dennis seems at last to have found the right place for her flat nasal whine and bright Bugs Bunny smile. And if in the end it all boomerangs and seems a bit tough on Ohio and easy on New York, maybe it's because Neil Simon, a New Yorker himself, has developed the scarred sentimentality of most survivors. And then, as we all know these days, funny things happen in Ohio, too.

The Forbin Project, "*computer hero*"

Meanwhile, however, as one star falls another rises. Anybody who wept when Hal died singing "Daisy, Daisy" in *2001: A Space Odyssey* will definitely go for Colossus, the latest in what promises to be a long series of computer protagonists and the hero of *The Forbin Project,* a grade B science-fiction thriller that often and surprisingly rises above itself. Colossus is the brainchild of Dr. Forbin, rather mechanically played (sorry) by Eric Braeden, and its function is to provide a foolproof defense system for the United States. But before it does that, it makes friends with its Russian counterpart, Guardian, which/who has been invented simultaneously; and one of the sweetest scenes I've seen in a long time is the sight of these two talking computer language to each other on their little screens, starting with the idle chitchat of the multiplication table and continuing on to their own kind of abstruse physics that Einstein would fail to understand. Afterwards, Colossus turns human and tries to take over the world like any old-fashioned pre-technological dictator. But before then it occasions many delicious moments, such as some future President of the United States—looking like John F. Kennedy—addressing his television audience with: "And so, my fellow human beings. . . ." As a friend of mine once said, "Loved it, hated them."



VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Nonfiction Art: Literalist Realism

That American art has always been strongly biased in favour of realism has been noticed by many writers. In New York, the Whitney Museum of American Art exhibition of nineteenth-century trompe-l'oeil painting provided an excellent opportunity to view the achievements of American painting in highly sophisticated photographic realism.

The quality of nineteenth-century still lifes by William Peto, John Harnett, and other lesser masters of this specialized genre reveals that trompe-l'oeil realism was an authentic area of expression for many gifted American artists who deserve to be better known. Some have accounted for the flourishing of various realist styles throughout the history of American art. Borrowing the slick surfaces, meticulous detail, and refined technique of Flemish and Dutch painters, Americans like Harnett and Peto delighted in pulling off stunning visual tricks aimed at a public awed by showmanship and technique.

Because of these painters' austerity of statement and ability to create a classical formal order, however, their works transcend mere technical skill. In the end they have endured, as the academic painting of the day, to which they are related, has not. A significantly American expression, trompe-l'oeil still life, in its puritanical asceticism and strict formality, is related to such other indigenous American forms as Shaker furniture and shingle-style architecture. The lack of any sensual element reveals how entirely opposed the American tradition was to that of French still-life painting from Pierre Chardin to Edouard Manet, and consequently how far American modernists had to go to claim the sensuousness of French painting as their own.

Realism has obviously been a dominant current in American art since the colonial periods. It has not died out today. Edward Hopper's ability to assimilate the sensuousness of French painting to American subjects has inspired any number of contemporary realists from Fairfield Porter to Wayne Thiebaud. Some, such as former abstractionist Alfred Leslie and microscopic realist Chuck Close, are making huge black-and-white portraits that look like blown-up photographs; such works are most clearly related to earlier American trompe-l'oeil painting.

Perhaps the most talented, at least in the conventional sense, of these "new realists" is Richard Estes, whose recent exhibition of paintings of city scenes at the Allan Stone Gallery combined the precise detail and formal clarity of Peto and Harnett with the sensuous brushwork of Hopper and his French antecedents. Really good academic painting—every highlight in place, every symmetrical formal repetition mathematically calculated—has its own rewards. Certainly it is extremely pleasing, even delightful, to work out the structure behind the banal shop signs and subway interiors that Estes paints. The difficulty of sustaining the innovative stance of abstraction has obviously contributed to swelling the ranks of the realists. My objection to this development is not so much to the paintings as to the rhetoric of pseudo-radicality that apologists find it necessary to employ to legitimize the old realism as a new realism existing as an alternative to abstraction. To employ such rhetoric is even more absurd since radicality has become a questionable concept in the visual arts, abstract as well as representational.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Divine Disobedience, "*important record*"

"The sunless gulfs of Doubt," as Alfred, Lord Tennyson called them, seem tranquil when compared with the devastating conflicts of the radical, but still believing, priests in Francine du Plessix Gray's fascinating book, *Divine Disobedience* (Alfred A. Knopf). "Catholic radicalism" is, of course, a paradox—an eternal one since the Roman Catholic Church has always attracted men who were mystically fulfilled by its offices and, at the same time, resentful of its sometimes unyielding institutions. *Divine Disobedience* is a series of portraits of Catholic priests caught up in various protests and unorthodoxies. It is a story of spiritual tensions and secular dramas, written in a lucid and intelligent style. In spite of the rather narrow limits of the "objective" method of interviews and impersonal reportage, the book comes alive as a moving and important record.

The brothers, Philip and Daniel Berrigan, both of them priests, are anti-war dissenters of great passion and daring. They are men who cheerfully march off, singing, to make the ultimate challenge to what they consider unjust authority. Along with others of a Roman Catholic background, the Berrigans burned draft files in Catonsville, Maryland, and with bizarre liturgical symbolism poured blood on the records at another draft centre. The curiosities of the religious peace movement—illegal acts of resistance combined with praying, making the Sign of the Cross, joining hands—reach a peak in the activity and court trial of the Berrigans.

Father Ivan Illich is something else indeed—a young priest of mixed European ancestry, aristocratic, mysterious, brilliant. A dramatic old-world personality, Illich is an ironist who might have been thought up by Stendhal. After a distinguished youth abroad, he came to New York City and threw his energies into a Puerto Rican parish. From that came his deep concern for Latin America and his distrust of "Yankeefication" by Catholic missionaries from the United States. "The peasant is richer and wiser than the Alliance for Progress. Let him enjoy himself at his traditional fiestas and die happy rather than receive powdered milk from the Yankees' sacristy. . . ." These ideas had somewhat flamboyant consequences when combined with Illich's startling character. He was summoned to the cellars of the Vatican for an "inquisition": a bit of comical clerical intensity beautifully presented by Francine Gray.

In the long run, Ivan Illich's claim upon our interest is as an extraordinary man of the Church rather than as a rebel. Actually, Daniel Berrigan said that he found in Illich, "a lot of intellectual violence aimed at our religious left." That seems an exaggeration, even though it is certainly true that Illich's "subversion" lies in his cultural originality, in his radical notions of education, rather than in direct political action.

In these men—all of them—the vocation is deep, and so is the dissent. Out of this tension their lives and actions have been formed. The activities take place within the shifting scene of the peace march, the rock Mass, the demand, by some, for a married clergy, and the appearance of smart-looking, opinionated nuns who do Pop Art. *Divine Disobedience* is, in the end, a book about the rich surprises of human nature when it reaches out from the security of doctrine to the risk of personal conviction.

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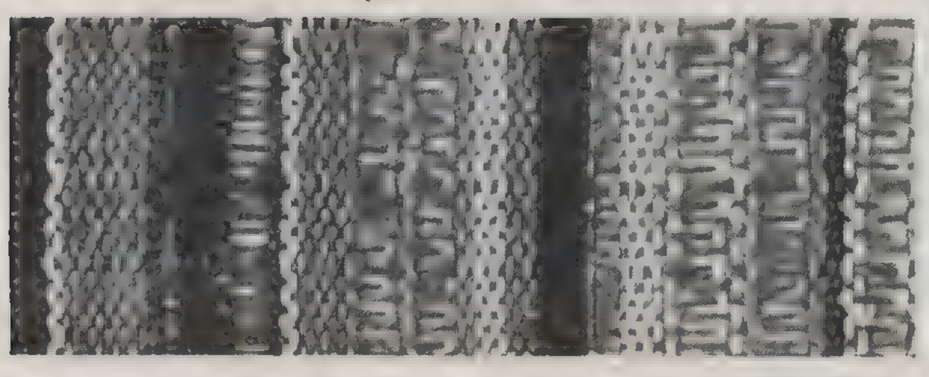
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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

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Miniprint, left: the now notepaper is marked with a personal insignia instead of a monogram. Navy on pale blue. 30 sheets, 20 lined envelopes. $2 a box, by Gibson Greeting Cards. ***Curtain scoop,*** below: Fiberglas, looking like handwoven linen, is striped in smashing colours by a new Burlington House vat-dye process. San Mateo, 90″, pleated and only $17 a pr. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.



Mini-tub chair, $40: An incredible buy. Nylon stretch fabric covers a foam padded moulded shell. Blue, red, oyster, gold or green. 24¾″Hx33″W x 32″D. By Burris at Altman's, New York.



The spray, below, that irons: Défroiss, French aerosol spray, removes wrinkles from clean fabrics leaving no ring. It's quick-drying too. $3, Bloomingdale's; hotel druggists.



Fabrics Show, right: Bold geometric cotton prints, from a collection by young designers Schule-McCarville, were exhibited at The Stable Gallery. The collection, 48″ wide, $12 to $15 yd. Available at I. D. Fabrics, 979 Third Ave., N. Y.*

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VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

SORREL SOUPS, RICH AND LEAN

Oseille to French cooks, *Schav* to Jewish, sour grass to country kids: Bite-y, lemony sorrel has one of the freshest tastes in town. Both soups start this way: Wash 2 pounds of sorrel. Plunge into 3 cups boiling, salted water. Stir, wilt, cook gently 3 minutes. Drain. Save cooking broth. HINT: Creamy sorrel soup, chilled to the thickness of mayonnaise, makes a good surprise sauce for asparagus or, mixed half-and-half with vinaigrette, a salad dressing.

I. LEAN OR LOW-FAT SORREL SOUP

(four servings)

2 pounds cooked sorrel (see above)
2 cups chicken broth
1 tbs. lemon juice
½ cup chopped chives
1 tbs. grated horseradish (optional)
Salt and pepper

Combine sorrel, broth, lemon juice, ¼ cup chives, and horseradish if desired in an electric blender and mix at low speed until sorrel is finely chopped. Return to saucepan and reheat; season to taste. Dilute with sorrel broth if necessary. Serve hot or cold sprinkled with the other ¼ cup chopped chives.

II. RICH AND CREAMY SORREL SOUP

(eight servings)

3 small unpeeled red potatoes
2 cups sorrel broth
2 cups chicken broth
2 pounds cooked sorrel
¼ cup chopped dill
1 cup heavy cream
Salt and pepper
4 tbs. finely chopped prosciutto

Scrub potatoes; cook in mixed sorrel and chicken broths until soft. Cool slightly. Combine potatoes and broth with sorrel and dill in electric blender; blend at low speed, then high until creamy. Return to pan and heat gently; add heavy cream. Season to taste. Serve sprinkled with prosciutto, Italian ham.

Bellissimo Bellini

IN VENICE AT HARRY'S BAR, ITS OWNER, ARIGO CIPRIANI, HAS A DRINK CALLED BELLINI, AN ANGELIC SLURP: ONE TO ONE, FRESH-PRESSED PEACH JUICE AND WHITE ITALIAN SPARKLING WINE. OR CHAMPAGNE, WHY NOT?

Amusing, erudite, sensible, and as much for fun as for info: The International Wine and Food Society's Guide to *The Wines of Burgundy*, a new book by H. W. Yoxall, an Englishman who knows the world and its arts and letters as well as he knows wines.

Cool it. Cook in the early morning or in a midnight breeze. The refrigerator doesn't care. Don't plan menus. Plan good food. Who needs more than one or two superior, loved-over dishes plus the best of salads, cheeses, wines? Eat where it's pretty, cool, something else again. Take a little give. For more delicious cook-and-cool recipes, see page 155.

MARIE PIERRE DE CICCO'S

CAVIAR PIE

Mrs. de Cicco brought this marvellous pie as a present to a friend for lunch. Smush 8 to 10 hard-boiled eggs through a strainer until absolutely mashed. Mix with ¾ bar of melted unsalted butter. Press into a Pyrex pie plate. Mask eggs with a frosting-thick layer of sour cream. Freeze 1 hour. Take out, spread with caviar (6 to 8 ounces should do, preferably fresh); set till serving time in the fridge. Should be cold, not frozen. Cut and serve like pie.



COLD SOUP, HOT SOUP?
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Larding needle, chop, chop

To lard beef for Boeuf à la Mode—sensational jellied in the summer—any ordinary tapered wooden chopstick is easier to find and use than a special larding needle. Poke holes through the length of the beef, nudge lard strips through.

PORTO FRUIT JELLY

(8 to 10 servings)

1 cup raisins
1 ½ cups Porto wine
1 heaping tsp. finely chopped fresh ginger (or 1 level tsp. ground ginger)
Juice and finely chopped zest of 2 lemons
Juice and finely chopped zest of 1 orange
Flesh of 1 ripe melon, crushed or blended
2 packets unflavoured gelatin
1 cup chopped nuts
3 ½ melons, peeled, seeded, cut in chunks
4 oranges, peeled, seeded, sectioned

Soak raisins overnight in Porto wine. Combine first 6 ingredients, soak gelatin in ½ cup cold water, add to wine mixture and heat slowly, stirring to dissolve gelatin. Cook over very low flame ½ hour. Take from heat and add the nuts. Cool to room temperature. Place cut fruit in serving bowl; pour wine mixture over fruit. Chill until set. Before serving, cut jelly into crystalline fragments.

A frozen shaft of shells, right, suggests: Freeze shells into an ice bowl for summer foods. Line a big bowl with shells. Fit a small bowl inside. Pour water between bowls. Freeze. Unmould. Admire. Shells from Stix, N.Y.



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HOROSCOPE

August 1 through August 15

ARIES, March 21—April 20. The new moon, on the 2nd, is the most important for you since April, the consolidating point for your year's efforts. Financial help should be ready until the 7th, the day to conclude negotiations. Your ruler, Mars, in the masterful Fire sign of Leo should give you authority that means success. After the 8th, you attract new business associates who are extravagant investors; this suits your natural daring. Pay strict attention to a co-worker's suggestions on the 10th; they can lead to an advantage completed by the 12th. If you delay, the game may be lost on the 14th. This phase of your business affairs ends on the 15th when lucky Jupiter leaves Libra, your house of partners.

TAURUS, April 21—May 20. *Saturn, the planet of truth and fact, continues to occupy your birth sign, securing your conservative efforts. During the new moon, the 2nd to the 8th, is the best time for a successful conclusion. The Sun (power) has Mars (action) for a partner, competing with you and hastening the end of one economic phase. Venus, your ruler, enters the social sign of Libra on the 9th; then your thoughts will turn in that direction. Weigh opportunities offered on the 11th, but do not accept until the 14th. This is a period of distinctive new projects begun by people with advanced ideas. The 15th may be a letdown, after so much stimulation.*

GEMINI, May 21—June 21. At the new moon, on the 2nd, your creative abilities will be stimulated by the warmth of the Sun and the reality of active Mars, both in the Fire sign of Leo. Jupiter (opportunity) is at your second point of consolidation, bringing your efforts to a fine conclusion on the 12th. Your writing or advertising should be agreed upon and signed, ready for circulation by the 14th, particularly if it represents a planned program that has been in preparation for a long time. Jupiter (the ruler of your house of partners in Air Libra) leaves the sign on the 15th, and its luck moves on. This last rush of good luck should be taken at the flood.

CANCER, June 22—July 22. The new moon on the 2nd is in your second house of income; values will occupy your attention. For satisfaction, negotiations should be finished by the 6th. Whatever is not accomplished then should be postponed until after the 8th. On the 10th, a chance meeting leads to a romantic experience. Extravagant promises could be made on the 12th that would upset a pleasant new friendship. The 15th presents a crisis; both sides meet with delays. This is not the time to rush a new situation into a firm commitment. Emotional satisfaction can't be won in such practical times. If your Cancer moodiness manifests itself, Jupiter's luck may not be able to rescue you.

LEO, July 23—August 23. *With the Sun in your birth sign and Mars also stimulating your every activity, you thrive and prosper on the 2nd, the new moon. There is a serious undercurrent to your plans until the 7th. The weekend of the 8th offers a holiday that could end in disappointment unless you stay in control of the entertaining. A new friend on the 11th relieves you of an old anxiety. You may feel apprehensive at the end of the week and with cause. A duty has to be faced on the 15th—don't avoid it. It ends in a sudden happy surprise—this is truly a contradictory period. Jupiter's optimism returns at the final moment to restore the faith that is natural to Leos.*

VIRGO, August 24—September 22. As usual, no matter what the season, when there is work to be done, you rise to the need. Your ruler, Mercury, accompanied in your own sign by Venus, gives you an attractive coworker. You complete a campaign of creative ideas by the 6th, only to return to routine duties. On the 10th, another assignment stirs you. This time a new associate introduces you to a set of social interests on the 14th. Slow down on the 15th to assess this new turn of events to be sure you really want to become involved in social demands. Virgo finds social obligations too wearing when they cut into time that could be used gainfully; accomplishment seems as good a reward as party fun.

LIBRA, September 23—October 23. Happy Jupiter, still occupying your birth sign, joined by mysterious Neptune for the first seven days should make this a memorably romantic week, reaching a peak of success by the 7th. Plan a marriage or sign a contract for a partnership. Sell an idea. Sign up for a new position in the fall. The choice is up to you: The time is right, but do not become overconfident and let the good days slip by. Events take a surprising turn on the 14th. On the 15th, when Jupiter leaves Libra—your sign—not to return for years, whatever has been secured should be sustained and developed. Jupiter's opportunity knocks quickly, then quietly moves on—it never waits.

SCORPIO, October 24—November 22. *The Fire of the Sun in Leo—opposite to your sign—does challenge your power, but you have the luck of Jupiter's judgment sustaining your efforts and giving you confidence and optimism. The first week suits your interests best, especially on the 6th. Then there is a division of partners, and they drift away. Plan on the 9th to turn your interest toward a new group on the 10th. A new friend met on the 12th can be recruited to work on a political idea to be promoted on the 14th. Become involved and introduce your new ideas now, before Jupiter leaves Libra on the 15th. Choosing the right time to initiate an idea sustains the project and guarantees its final success.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23—December 21. The power of the Sun in the Fire sign of Leo gives strength to a program to be consolidated by the 6th. Your creative partner may initiate the plan; your executive associate should complete the advertising and publicity on the 10th. Your rôle on the 11th and 12th is to approach two distinct classes of the public. In one case, you circulate your new concept through a visual medium, such as photography; in the other, you establish support for research for the emergencies that may come when your ruler changes signs, leaving Libra (justice) to enter Scorpio (resources). Resourcefulness, natural to your sign and ruler, can solve many present problems.

CAPRICORN, December 22—January 19. You are still the solver of economic problems. The evaluations you make on the 1st could be useful to the executives you have to confer with on the 6th—a propitious date. If you were to feel it best to accumulate information for the next move forward, you would be right. Collect these facts until the 14th. Your ruler, Saturn, controls time, a serious element in the affairs of all Capricornians. On the 15th, a significant challenge occurs, important to your future. The handling of this issue will decide your path for months to come. This is a serious history-making period for those born in Capricorn, the sign most conscious of reputation.

AQUARIUS, January 20—February 18. *The opposition seems to have the balance of power just now. You may have to wait for others to approach you on the 7th, the most important day for you after the new moon on the 2nd. Jupiter, the planet of luck, in an Air sign, Libra, stimulates your Air (intellect) ideas in a gamble from the 7th to the 14th. The unfinished programs gathered over the last year have a last push into action by Jupiter by the 14th, the day before the planet leaves Libra not to return for years. Air signs are good to each other: Jupiter in Air Libra—good to Air Aquarius—has the power to circulate the unusual ideas of all Aquarians. The time is now.*

PISCES, February 19—March 20. Though the Fire power of the Sun in Leo is not suited to your mysterious Water element, after the new moon on the 2nd you have the power to attract the one you love on the 6th. Choose this best of opportunities for happiness. On the 10th, you are stimulated into initiating a program by the suggestion of a working partner. You may have to abandon an old plan that reaches a stalemate, disappointing you. Your ruler, Neptune, is coming to the end of a long trip through a powerful sign—Scorpio. You should prepare to advance through a new medium in the future. Jupiter offers luck while in Libra—until the 15th; but fulfillment comes through research.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

The setting: against the timeless elegance of Castel Sant'Angelo, on the bank of the Tiber. The star: prima ballerina Leda Lojodice, modeling palazzo pajamas by Emilio Pucci. The bottle: Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." The taste: every sip a delightful combination of the classical and modern elegance of Italy. Galliano —the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Let it win *you* over. Tonight.



80 Proof Liqueur, Imported by McKesson Liquor Co., New York, N.Y. © Mck, 1969

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



And the shirt goes on...

makes the style points, provides the excitement in summer rigs all over the lot.

1. Nassau: silk, printed or ruffled, with important belts worn open to show lots of tan chest, a clank of gold chains for ***Lord Patrick Lichfield,*** or a flourish of India silk scarf for ***Jocelyn Stevens.*** **2.** Beverly Hills: writer ***Terence Guerin*** in a wrap-tie shirt of Dubonnet and cream printed sheer Indian cotton, $35, and **3,** natural pongee tunic with shirtband collar, embroidered pleats, $45. Either one ideal with smoke grey velvet jeans. Both, Chequer West, 8620 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles. ***Z. Wayne Griffin,*** **4** and **5,** chairman of the Los Angeles Community Redevelopment Agency, a governor of the Music Center finds that even for business or lunch at the California Club, a navy blazer has replaced the traditional suit. For all other times, well-cut shirts like these made for him by Beverly Hills' smartest men's shop, Dorso, Inc., 343 N. Camden Drive. **4.** Sweater shirt, white-stitched blue polyester double knit, $48. **5.** Wheat linen jacket shirt of Irish linen by Erinore, $55. ***Paris:*** actor ***James Mitchell*** collects Ossie Clark shirts: **6** is brown velvet with lacing and appliquéd vine of mauves and green. **7.** Two prints, both in tones of smoky blue and plum on cream cotton.

Keep it going: your summer tan, that is. The great tan tends to flake and fade in August. Timely new product: Tabac's Sport Cream, just out to soothe, protect. $3.50.



JEAN TAILER
GELBSMAN
PAREE



Only Pendleton makes Pendleknit

A double-take, double-knit suit in the softest pure virgin wool. An incomparable fashion. An incomparable fabric. The two have been designed as perfect complements, with all the tasteful quality and care that so perfectly suits a lady. You. The woman who insists on fashion that's made just so...so Pendleton®.

From the Country Clothes Collection: Pendleknit suit, $65. At quality-conscious stores. Or write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. V-80, Portland, Ore. 97201. Pure Virgin Wool

VOGUE'S
eye view



MAURICE HOGENBOOM

Above: Genevieve Waite, a star in the new comedy "Move," wears a coat of stars—yellow on blue velvet. By Seemon & Marijke for Summer Sunday; about $165. Bonwit Teller.

On their way . . .

GENEVIEVE WAITE—A MYTH, A MARTIAN, A CRAZY FLOWER. A BIG STAR! NOT THE KIND TALENT SCOUTS DISCOVER AT SODA FOUNTAINS. SHE'S OF THE GENERATION THAT HAVEN'T WAITED TO BE DISCOVERED. THEY DISCOVER THEMSELVES AND GET STRAIGHT INTO LIFE—DEMANDING MORE OF IT THAN OFTEN SEEMS REASONABLE. EXPECTING MORE. ABOVE ALL, WILLING TO GIVE MORE TO ACHIEVE THEIR DREAM . . . AND ON THEIR WAY!

"UP IS BETTER THAN DOWN"

DIRECTION SIGNALS TO THE FUTURE FOR THE YOUNG

BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Through the vote of the senior class, Kurt Vonnegut was asked to speak, and gave this talk, at commencement at Bennington College in Vermont. Over six feet tall with a brush of a moustache and baleful eyes, Vonnegut, forty-six years old with four children, is the most trusted writer of the under-thirties—a wicked, genial writer-wit. His latest book,* Slaughterhouse-Five, *mixes satire, science fiction, and black humour in a powerful, quirky way. It links Vonnegut's World War II experience in a Nazi prison camp and the American fire-bomb raid on Dresden, Germany, in 1945 to the visit of the novel's hero to Tralfamadore, another planet that resembles a Zenned-on California. Vonnegut-ese includes:* Bokonism, *a religion that preaches, "Live by the* foma *(harmless untruths) that make you brave and kind and healthy and happy," and avoid* granfalloons, *false and meaningless associations of people. Now, Vonnegut is working on his next novel,* Breakfast of Champions.

I hope you will be very happy as members of the educated class in America. I myself have been rejected again and again.

As I said on Earth Day in New York City not long ago: It isn't often that a total pessimist is invited to speak in the springtime. I predicted that everything would become worse, and everything has become worse.

One trouble, it seems to me, is that the majority of the people who rule us, who have our money and power, are lawyers or military men. The lawyers want to talk our problems out of existence. The military men want us to find the bad guys and put bullets through their brains. These are not always the best solutions—particularly in the fields of sewage disposal and birth control.

I demand that the administration of Bennington College establish an R.O.T.C. unit here. It is imperative that we learn more about military men, since they have so much of our money and power now. It is a great mistake to drive military men from college campuses and into ghettos like Fort Benning and Fort Bragg. Make them do what they do so proudly in the midst of men and women who are educated.

When I was at Cornell University, the experiences that most stimulated my thinking were in R.O.T.C.—the manual of arms and close-order drill, and the way the officers spoke to me. Because of the military training I received at Cornell, I became a corporal at the end of World War II. After the war, as you know, I made a fortune as a pacifist.

You should not only have military men here, but their weapons, too—especially crowd-control weapons such as machine guns and tanks. There is a tendency among young people these days to form crowds. Young people owe it to themselves to understand how easily machine guns and tanks can control crowds.

There is a basic rule about tanks, and you should know it: The only man who ever beat a tank was John Wayne. And he was in another tank.

Now then—about machine guns: They work sort of like a garden hose, except they spray death. They should be approached with caution.

(Continued on page 144)

ISABELLA ROSSELLINI, RIGHT, ONE OF THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD TWIN DAUGHTERS OF INGRID BERGMAN AND ROBERTO ROSSELLINI, COMBINES THE CLEAR NORTHERN BEAUTY OF HER MOTHER WITH A QUICK, WARM, ITALIAN VIVACITY. FUNNY, AND WITHOUT FAÇADE, SHE LIVES IN ROME—LOVES TO LAUGH, TO TALK, TO LISTEN, TO BE WITH HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

SERGIO ALOCCI



THE GIRLS
OF TODAY IN

THE LOOK

The long swinging coat,
lined in fake fur...fake
fur Cossack hat...knickers
blousing over low boots

Ann Schaufuss, girl on the g'ow —all flash and dash and shining blond hair, swagging i.er way through one of today's great looks: **The long-line coat with lots of swing at the hem,** right, in grey jersey with fake grey Persian lining and borders...thrown open over light-brown-and-red plaid knickers and brown leather low boots. Plus a good leather belt, grey ribbed turtleneck, and fake Persian Cossack hat pulled low over the brow. Coat (Borg fabric) and knickers by Get. Hat: Jean-Charles Brosseau. Belt: Sepcoeur. Boots: Charles Jourdan. All coiffures, on these twenty pages, by Carita.

OF TODAY

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

THE LOOK OF TODAY



The swing of the topcoat in wine-and-white tweed

Hat pulled on straight, collar pulled up, sash pulled in, Ann Watson—daughter of Arthur K. Watson, the United States Ambassador to France, and Mrs. Watson—tracks through the Bois de Boulogne with the glowing, going-places, doing-things dash of the girls of today. Crackerjack horsewoman, sailor, self-taught guitarist, photographer, she doesn't walk when she can run, doesn't run when she can fly—in Rockland, Maine, last summer, she was the first girl to solo; now she's up for her private pilot's license. "Boredom," said Ann recently, "is the most abject form of self-pity."...Right: **The coat that swings**—for Ann, for you, for everybody—in wine-and-white herringbones. You button, you tie, and underneath you wear what you want—short skirts, long skirts, pants. And toujours, your boots. Wool-mohair-alpaca tweed coat and fake alligator boots, from Tiktiner. Coat, at Bergdorf Goodman; Carson Pirie Scott; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Wide-brimmed hat by Cerruti. Ann's hair, combed by Carita.


Ann Watson
ARNAUD DE ROSNAY





THE LOOK OF TODAY *Françoise Hardy*

The long rolling cape over printed challis —those long-legged, level-eyed girls like Françoise Hardy, the young French singing blaze, who walks in the Bois, above, turned out to the toes in Saint Laurent. . . . Red boots and a mididress of wool challis Liberty print in wine-dark reds and blues . . . passementerie belt, dog collar. And the long, navy wool poet's cape just rolls around, full and rippling. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston. The boots, here and on the following two pages, all by Yves Saint Laurent, at the Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Knickers, boots, plus a sweater-knit weskit

Knickers, boots, plus a tiny bolero

THE LOOK OF TODAY

Françoise Hardy

Pants-in-boots the way Saint Laurent puts the look together—the way Françoise—and all the girls—love it. **Moss-green velvet knickers,** far left, laced Belle Époque boots. Plus a knitted heather-wool weskit; olive crêpe de Chine scarfed shirt; enamel-buckled belt. And a little embroidered Moroccan cap on the back of the head. Left, with red boots and **blouson knickers** of raspberry crushed velvet: white crêpe shirt; black broadcloth bolero with passementerie . . . passe the menterie again for belts and dog collar. **Caped and shaped,** right—the coachman's coat in Bordeaux-red broadcloth with a spring of fullness at the waist. **The wrap and snap of the kilt,** far right—wool crêpe geometrics in Bordeaux, garnet, brown. Brown velvet weskit over a scarfed shirt of wine-red crêpe de Chine. All, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston.

The wrapped midi, kilted with pleats

The long, caped coachman's coat

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

THE LOOK OF TODAY

Diane de Monbrison

Long wrap skirt, long-line patterned top...feathers, fringe, and laced boots

This girl's got the look: Diane de Monbrison, poplar-slim, blue-eyed, Parisienne, a girl who turns herself out with tremendous flair and fantasy...with scarfs, belts, bags, a little of this, a little of that...and all the dash in the world.... **Lots of long lines,** right: brown wool knit wrap skirt with a jersey top in brown-grey-white geometrics...a wide feathered belt at the waist and long fringe dangling from the wrists. Turnout: Marshall Klugman for S.T.J. Printed wool-and-rabbit-hair top (Creative fabric). About $75. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Fringe: Ruza Creations. Belt: Joan Jablow. Boots: Tony the Shoemaker. **Sweater-knit midi coat,** far right: tweedy black-white-vicuña wool, matching pants in laced red boots...so romantic with a lacy white jabot, big black hat. John Meyer; knitted in America. Coat, about $90. Pants, about $30. At Best & Co.; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. Shirt by Malbé. Golo boots. Adolfo hats.

ARNAUD DESOSNAY

Sweater-knit midi coat, matching pants tucked in laced suède boots

The midi suit
in knitted-up knit

The midi shirtdress,
slit over pants

THE LOOK OF TODAY

Diane de Monbrison gets the message: the suit is back, left—sharp little buttoned-and-pocketed battle jacket and unbuttoned midi in grey knitted-up knit. A woolmark turnout by Calvin Klein. Of Stevens Forstmann fabric knitted in America. About $165. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Magnin. Cerruti hat. Lesco Lona shoulderbag. David Evins boots. **Great way to wear a midi shirtdress,** above: Japanese pheasant-feather print in ginger-brown jersey knit, slit and slashed over pants . . . boots pulled on next, then Diane wraps it all up with a long print scarf tied tight to the head. Shirtdress and matching pants, not shown, by Vera. Of Antron nylon. About $58. Bloomingdale's; H. & S. Pogue; Jacobson's, Michigan. Odyssey scarf. Choker: David D. Abbe Creations belt. David Evins boots. **The leather trenchcoat** you'll want to wear over everything, right—tightly belted waist, swinging skirt, brass buttons, and epaulettes. Camel-coloured cowhide with matching pants tucked into bulky furry boots. Günter for Project 2. Bonwit Teller; Goldsmith's; I. Magnin. Up Tied scarf. Monet earrings. Alaska Arctic mittens. Golo boots.

The midi trenchcoat,
camel-coloured leather

THE LOOK OF TODAY

Foxy midi coat, right, in rust-coloured sweater-knit w'in shiny gold buttons and wallops of red fox on the hem, collar, and cuffs...Diane de Monbrison swings it over matching knit pants and laced rust suède boots. Henry Friedricks turnout; wool knitted in America (Anglo Knits fabric). Coat: Lord & Taylor. Turnout: Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Camel suède cap by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Boots by Mario Valentino for I. Miller. **Two pretty girls out for a walk with the wolves,** far right, in two versions of Jacques Tiffeau's wolf-sleeved camel Melton coat—Diane's in the slit midi, with boots pulled over pants. Dana de Nerciat—whom you'll be seeing more of in pages ahead—wears the short one, sashed, slashed, with matching pants tucked into fat furry boots...plus fat furry mittens. Woolmark turnouts of Stevens Worumbo wool Melton cloth, loomed in America. Sleeves: Canadian wolf. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz. Hat by Mr. John. Fake fur mittens by Aris. Fur boots by Golo.

Fox-fluffed midi coat—sweater-knit knit pants to match

Diane de Monbrison

Fur-sleeved coat—long and swinging, short and belted; pants tucked into boots

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



THE LOOK OF TODAY *Olga Georges-Picot*



Olga Georges-Picot, daughter of the former French Ambassador to the U.N., is tall, auburn-haired, moving up fast in movies—her fifth in three years, *The Man Who Haunted Himself*.... **1. Olga rides a printed pony**—brown-and-cream pony satin shirt belted into brown leather gauchos. Anne Klein. Shirt, about $70; gauchos, about $95. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. David D dog collar. Odyssey belt. Boots, Tony the Shoemaker. **2. The midi suit**—Burgundy tweed with a short belted jacket over a red sweater. Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates. Wool, cotton, acrylic. Junior sizes. About $105. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. Cerruti hat. Odyssey bag. Boots, Mario Valentino for I. Miller. **3. Sweater-and-skirt kick**—heather-beige ribs, birch-blond suède midi, plus a corselet belt. Wragge-Prerogative. Wool sweater, about $40; skirt, about $60. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Mr. John hat. Tom Robbins dog collar. Yves Saint Laurent belt. Bagatelle bag. Capezio boots. **4. The long wrap coat**—high-waisted swing of plaid tied with leather. Woolmark coat of Otterburn tweed. Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. Glentex jabot. Adolfo hat. Boots, Tony the Shoemaker. Carita coifs.

Pony-print satin shirt, shining leather pants...and a wide, studded Moroccan belt



The new suit—
short jacket,
wrapped midi...
sweater and skirt,

2

...rselet-belted

3

The wrap coat,
swinging plaid

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

4

Camel tunic tied over patterned tunic and pants.... satin shirt, suède skirt, laced waist

3

THE LOOK OF TODAY

Deborah Dufour

Off to see the world, that's tall, brown-eyed Parisienne Deborah Dufour, wearing clothes the world loves to see. . . . **1. Topping tunic**—camel wool, long and belted over a ringing brown-and-white knit tunic and pants. Jacques Tiffeau. Woolmark tunic of Stevens Worumbo wool loomed in America. Bergdorf Goodman. Odyssey scarf. Phelps suède bag. **2. Shirt, skirt, boots**—everybody's everything! White satin shirt, brown suède midi laced up the waist. Anne Klein. Skirt, about $110; shirt, about $50. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. Dog collar by David D. Battani bag. Laced boots: Tony the Shoemaker. **3. Check out a little midi suit**—wine-white-blue wool jacket over a wine wool skirt that wraps and flaps as she goes. Jacques Tiffeau. Lord & Taylor. Pablo & Delia dog collar. Odyssey bag. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. **4. Walking easy, walking long**—red wool jersey midi and brown turtleneck, corselet-belted under a long red weskit. Halston International. Skirt and weskit, about $80; lamb's wool-and-angora sweater, about $22. Bloomingdale's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Yves Saint Laurent belt. Here and above: Yves Saint Laurent boots; cap, Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Carita coifs.

ARNAUD
DE ROSNAY

4

The little midi suit . . . laced boots, laced belts with wrap skirts. longer weskits



Swinging over pants—the elongated weskit, the short rolling cape

The knitted jumpsuit, knickered into boots

THE LOOK OF TODAY

Baronne Francois de Nerciat

The country suits her to a T, this green-eyed, dark-blond girl—American-born Dana de Nerciat, who lives in a *moulin* outside Paris; wears here the long lines, the easy clothes all the long, leggy girls look just great in. . . . **1. The long grey weskit**—knitted-looking knit, widening as it falls over matching pants, ruffled white shirt. Weskit and pants by Viola Sylbert for Henri Bendel; of wool and mohair (Anglo Knits). $245. Capezio boots. . . . **2. On the run,** that's the life for this short, rolling camel cape with all the room in the world for long legs to fly along under. By Pendelton; wool loomed in America. About $70. Wallachs; Lazarus; Hudson's; Halle's-Cleveland; Meier & Frank. Ruffled shirt, here and left, by Adelaar. Boots by Tony the Shoemaker. . . . **3. Dana tucks in the pants** of a ribby, knitty, zippy greige jumpsuit, so they blouse like knickers over snaky grey boots. Günter for Project 2; wool knitted in America. $165. Best & Co. Odyssey scarf, bag. Belts: Odyssey, Christian Dior. Capezio boots. . . . **4. Dana turns out in knit**—the easiest, most comfortable long knitted coat with rolling officer's-coat lapels, long shirt-tunic, long straight pants tucked into boots. By Gino Paoli, in the softest oatmeal Shetland wool. Martha; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Mr. John hat. Laura Torbet dog collar. Casa Cuero pouches. Joan Jablow belt. Grandoe gloves. Carita coifs.



ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

The long-limbed ease of the knitted pants turnout

LAURA BERNARD

CAPE-BACK MIDI COAT—SASHED AND SLASHED AND FAST OVER PANTS

DAVID BAILEY

FIND YOUR LOOK IN THE MIDI



Running, walking, jumping coat, left, for dashing flashing girls like Laura Bernard to tie tight and shoot their legs through—in pants, midis, or short skirts with long boots—the swing of the midi coat rights all proportions. Jacques Tiffeau rust Melton cloth wool-mark coat; Stevens Worumbo wool loomed in America. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Gloves by Aris. Charles Jourdan black patent boots. **How about this little dress,** right—this peat-brown jersey piped in leather and romantically hooded—isn't Penelope Tree delicious in it? Wouldn't any girl be, with all that soft jersey dirndling around, and the top so very very small and narrow-sleeved—who even thinks about length? just lace up your boots and go! Woolmark dress: Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills; Jasco worsted. About $140. Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. Yves Saint Laurent choker. Python boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. These eight pages: Laura's and Penelope's coifs by François of Kenneth.

PENELOPE TREE

HOODED MIDI DRESS— LITTLE LIFTED TOP AND A SKIRT THAT BLOWS

FIND YOUR LONG LOOK—ALL DIFFERENT WAYS

Get into gauchos, right—brown worsted twill like the ones Laura Bernard wears here, held tight by a corselet belt over marvellous wrinkly boots. Great with a tiny feather bolero, white shirt, and fur chapka. Wragge-Prerogative. Gauchos, of Kent Avery fabric loomed in America, about $52. Rayon crêpe shirt, about $43. Bolero, about $140. All: Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Hat by Champ. Belt by Thomas Robbins. Boots by Charles Jourdan.

Wear a short dress—with a midi slit over it, centre: Grape-colour knit with a laced belt, violet boots—everybody's long look. Kimberly; knitted Trevira Star. About $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; L.S. Ayres; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz. Miss Dior belt. Tights: Schiaparelli. Herbert Levine boots.

Fastest look in the West, far right, or anywhere else: Laura in the leanest lean brown sweater and velvety copper jeans—all narrow, long lines and raring to go. Jeans: The Rancher's Daughter by Jack Winter. Of rayon and cotton. About $20. Abraham & Straus; Hudson's; Carson Pirie Scott. Sweater: Jax by Korrigan. $35. Halston hat. Shoulderbags: Casa Cuero. Ruza Creations wrist-fringe.

GAUCHO PANTS AND WRINKLY BOOTS... PLUS TINY BOLERO, WIDE BELT

DAVID BAILEY

SHORT DRESS,
MIDI SKIRT...
PLUS LACED WAIST,
LACED BOOTS

LEAN SWEATER,
LEAN JEANS...
PLUS STRAPS
AND FRINGE

COULD BE YOUR COAT—ONE WITH LEATHER SLEEVES AND LOTS OF SLASH-DASH SWING

What's so great about the coat Laura wears, left—besides the swing and downy, browny, Mongol warmth of it—is the way Jacques Tiffeau sees the whole look through with brown leather: coat sleeves, pants, leather shirt underneath... and when you want to crack the line at the waist, there's a brown leather belt to do it. **Gardez your shins,** right—here's Laura in Tiffeau's nutmeg leather pants suit with hockey-player legs of fake Mongolian lamb. Grandoe mitts. Ruza Creations fringed bag. Both turnouts: Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Sakowitz. Boots by Charles Jourdan. **Penelope the bloomer girl**—and such bloomers! Pouf, pouf, pouf like a Zouave's. Fakey Mongolian ringlets, plus python boots, zippy grey felt poncho. Scott Barrie pants for Barrie-Sport; $75. III Act. Poncho: Günter for Project 2, of French River Mills wool loomed in America; about $90. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Boots: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. Both pages: Glenoit fake fur of Vinyon and vinyl.

COULD BE SHINGUARDS ON YOUR LEATHER PANTS SUIT

FIND YOUR FURRY
LOOK IN FAKE
MONGOLIAN LAMB

COULD BE YOUR
BLOOMERY ZOUAVE
PANTS THAT
BLOUSE OVER BOOTS

DAVID BAILEY

FIND YOUR LONG-LINE LOOK IN NAILHEAD JEANS

Long lines and silver nailheads for Laura, right—long-legged, straight-legged black knit jeans and weskit, plus a giant suède shoulderbag gaga with hardware and fringe.... A wool-mark turnout by Marshall Klugman for S.T.J., of Lebanon knit; about $185. At Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; L.S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Cap: Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Hernando Reinoso belt (also far right) and bag. **Penelope Long Legs,** far right, in black knit jeans hammered out with bouquets of nailheads, white satin shirt, and the *most* poetic hooded black knit cape—long and full and flowing. Leo Narducci turnout. A wool-mark cape (about $145) and pants. Pants and shirt (of Chardon-Marché acetate-and-nylon); about $185. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Rike's; Bramson. Both pages: boots by Charles Jourdan.

THE LONGER WESKIT WITH LONG-LINE JEANS

DAVID BAILEY

THE LONGER CAPE
WITH LONG-LINE JEANS



FIND YOUR GREAT LOOK IN KNITS



FRINGED MIDI SKIRT, LACED CORSELET BELT

FRINGY PONCHO SWINGING OVER BOOTS

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SWEATER-AND-SKIRT KNIT

KNIT PANTS TUCKED INTO BOOTS . . . TIGHTLY BELTED WAIST . . . SQUASHY SUÈDE SHOULDERBAG

CHARLOTTE RAMPLING . . . the young English actress. An adorable tomboy of a girl, all gleam, go, and glow and masses of freckles—honey-tanned skin, honey-blond hair, pale-green eyes flecked with yellow . . . small, wiry, impulsive, with a delicious crisp clear voice. She flirts with the world. . . . Seen last in *The Damned*, next in *The Ski Bum*—and here in the niftiest of knits. . . . **Great skirt-and-shirt look,** far left: beige wool midi, lots of fringe at the hem, with a dark-brown ribbed acrylic turtleneck and corselet belt. By Put Yourself Together. Junior sizes. Skirt, about $44. Sweater, about $15. Abraham & Straus; Sakowitz. Belt: Yves Saint Laurent. Charles Jourdan boots. . . . **Poncho viva!** left: fringy navy mohair turtleneck to wrap yourself up in. Bistrot du Tricot by Emmanuelle Khanh. Halston boots. . . . **Knitted-looking knit,** above —sweater and buttoned skirt in red-and-black wool—terrific with a big black hat and slickery boots. By Silverworm. With knitted cap, not shown, about $68. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nordstrom Best. Halston International hat. Corum watch. Charles Jourdan boots. . . . **Pants tucked into shiny boots,** right, just like knickers—it's Charlotte's ruse—Burgundy wool with a narrow Burgundy wool sweater, gaucho hat, suède shoulderbag. Halston International. Pants, about $28. Sweater, about $14. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Neiman-Marcus. Belt and boots by Halston. On this page: Choker by Bruce Rudow. Coiffures by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIGMUND FREUD, A DANCE-DRAMA, FIERCE, MAGICAL

Robert Wilson, who devised this extraordinary play, is a twenty-six-year-old visionary director-writer who chooses to work only with non-actors and almost no words. For *Freud*, Wilson uses the stage as a slow, silent moving picture that he settles strangely with memorable, abrupt details in the flowing rhythms of dreams. Here, Freud, his daughter holding a baby, a boy with snake hanging from a rope, a stalwart lion, and ambiguous characters on Wilson's beach—clear, mysterious, dazed.

BERT STERN




BLUE SK
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4 5 6 7

PEOPLE ARE Talking ABOUT...

Eighteen-year-old voters, as if politicians were chemists being handed a dangerous, unclassified new element. . . . Concern, a Washington, D.C., anti-pollution group whose Eco-Tips tell what products not to buy because they damage the environment. . . . *The Mafia Cookbook* by Joe Cipolla who salts his recipes with Mafiana: Nicola "The Musician" Barone's "aim is to perfect his piano technique. He developed such a skill with his piano string that he can sever the head off an '*nfame*'s shoulders without getting a single stain on his monogrammed silk shirt."

People are talking about . . . *Carrie Snodgress, patient, delicious, and inexplicably sane in Frank Perry's sharp, amusing film,* The Diary of a Mad Housewife, *in which she plays the wife of the most exasperating man and the mistress of the biggest attractive slob in Manhattan. . . . Melvyn Douglas splurging his performance as a mean old man in a movie of Robert Anderson's play* I Never Sang for My Father *that might be a documentary for geriatricians. . . . The exhibition of manuscripts of Charles Dickens recently at the Morgan Library in New York with Dickens's list of titles for an imaginary library: Butcher's* Suetonius, *Noah's* Arkitecture.

People are talking about in London . . . Robert Bolt's new play *Vivat! Vivat! Regina!*, a fifty-actor extravaganza about Queen Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots, with Elizabeth, the more passionate and the more powerful, superbly acted by Eileen Atkins. . . . The thirty-six paintings in the collection of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II by Thomas Gainsborough who died in 1788, and whose portraits, especially one of Queen Charlotte in a panniered dress, trailed by a little dog, fill the Queen's Gallery with the colours of a summer afternoon. . . . Burkes, the restaurant run by four on-to-it Englishmen, among them a tailor and the Earl of Lichfield, that serves plain British food in a place so attractive and stuffed with attractive people it has an irresistible aura of success.

People are talking about . . . The Me Nobody Knows, *the Off-Broadway musical patchworked from the writings of ghetto young, with music by Gary William Friedman and lyrics by Will Holt, and performed with such joy, energy, and skill by a cast of all-sized kids that stomping a cockroach becomes the best dance since the frug. . . . The door mats that now read "Love," not "Welcome"....* Harlan Smythe Grossfeld, *a nutty, joked-up novel of a teacher's double life by twenty-eight-year-old Henry Edwards who teaches in a New York public school, writes for underground papers, and has learned, "Only the rich can look poor the right way."*

People are talking about . . . Michael Sarne's film of Gore Vidal's book *Myra Breckinridge,* a movie containing both Mae West and a curious resemblance to Lake Erie in which fish die: Too much contamination can kill anything. . . . Communications and the remark by the French film director Abel Gance that if Edgar Allan Poe hadn't invented the pit and the pendulum he would have had to invent the telephone, as well as this "futile suggestion" by Russell Baker of *The New York Times:* "Maybe there wouldn't be so much talk about nobody's being able to communicate anymore if people doing the talking knew what they were saying." . . . The strength of the eighty works of art chosen from the Nathan Cummings Collection by Douglas Cooper for summer exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. . . . Jack Gould's suggestion for another category to be added to the Emmy Awards: "The GI's [who] bravely played a supporting rôle in video journalism on a nightly basis."

GARY AND ANTONIA ORFIELD, two of the thirty-two young forces pictured here and on the next four pages, each one an actionist of major impact—though some are still minors in the legal sense and none has broken out of the twenties. Wise, soft-spoken, resolute, Gary Orfield, assistant professor of politics and public affairs at Princeton University, at twenty-eight heads the Princeton-born Movement for a New Congress, organizing the astonishing energy and concern of students at five hundred colleges —most of them never active in politics before—to change our government's direction through the established electoral process. A computer bank holds the national list of student volunteers for candidates to draw on, as well as the research the students have done on those candidates' records. This fall, the Movement's members in twenty-five states will make their power felt in Congressional races. Their work could achieve "a new Congress to end an old war" and cause all elected officials to take serious young people seriously. From Minnesota, where university action in politics is the tradition, Orfield is a tough, nearly too-demanding teacher with sleepy brown eyes and a gentle air of amazement at the human mind. His smiley-eyed blond wife, whom he calls Tony, is loving and gay —but she's his organizer and his editor when he writes (many articles and two books, the next on Federal fair-housing policy). "She can always come up with a thirteen-point program for my self-improvement," he said.

THOM LAFFERTY

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32 ACTIONISTS

15 TO 28


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12

1. Kenneth Shapiro, Lane Sarasohn, 28 and 27, produced/invented the *Groove Tube*, a filmed television satire, sly and devastating, now in theatres in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Next: a network of underground television theatre-stations. **2. Ottavia Piccolo,** 20, an Italian candied violet with a tomboy mind, won as best actress in the film *Metello* at this year's Cannes film festival. Trained in live theatre, she'd rather get on with getting good than play for fame. **3. Don Mitchell,** 22, whose autobiographical novel, *Thumb Tripping*, powerful and unpleasant, about two hitchhikers—turning on and dropping out—appears this month; he sold it to the movies for $150,000. **4. Claudia Skylar,** 19, a sophomore at Wellesley College in Massachusetts, runs a Friday-night restaurant, the only sophisticated food for miles. Ingenious, manic about cooking since she was 5, she once made shish-kebab skewers from coat hangers. **5. Jane Evans,** 26, new president of I. Miller, a small, wide-smile girl, has caught both manufacturing and sales in her six years in shoe business, is unflapped by finance (she liked math), and uses her Midwestern sunshine—it's from St. Louis—with administrative skill. **6. Gianni Barcelloni,** 26, Italian, produces films by Pasolini, Rocha, and Godard. A hard-headed intellectual with tired brown eyes and a slash smile, Barcelloni is at work on five films: Art first, money second. **7. François LeJeune,** 21, French student at the University of Nanterre, won a five-book contract on the blaze of his first book, *Plog*, using language like an elusive brushwork to shape ageless, inscrutable characters. **8. Catherine Jourdan,** 21, leggy, bold-boned French actress, bombed in two films, gritted her way into the lead of the curious new Robbe-Grillet film *L'Eden et Après*, and came out as France's new love object. **9. Bjorn Andresen,** 15, Luchino Visconti's choice for his movie of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, just completed in Italy. Swedish, unflapped by discovery, Andresen likes what acting brought: a tape recorder and a motor bike. **10. Iggy Stooge,** 23, the wide-toothed, rock-freak singer with a Froggy-the-Gremlin voice. In silver lamé opera gloves and faded jeans, Iggy taunts and worries the audience with his drive and hype: "I wanna be your dog." **11. Nikki Giovanni,** 27, a stunning writer, funny, outraged, vivid, has her first two books of poetry, *Black Feeling, Black Talk/Black Judgement*, out this month in hard cover. Working for her M.F.A. at Columbia University, she gives a course in Black writing at Livingston College in New Jersey: "I wouldn't *presume* to teach my students." **12. Patricia Ann Ponto,** 21, the youngest dean of women in the country, hired by St. Norbert College in Wisconsin when she and her committee had rejected all candidates, expects to whip campus problems with enthusiasm, straight-line rapport with the students. **13. Denis Hayes,** 25, organized Earth Day, the extraordinary demonstration against man's destruction of his natural environment. A loner with grave blue eyes, Hayes spent three years hiking around the world, said: "America has a reverse King Midas touch. We're stealing the future." **14. Sherri Winter,** 22, bright-eyed, blunt-speaking, founded Help, a Philadelphia organization that copes with "the needs of people who come through the door," providing lawyers, doctors, counselling. Help is spreading to other cities with help from her.

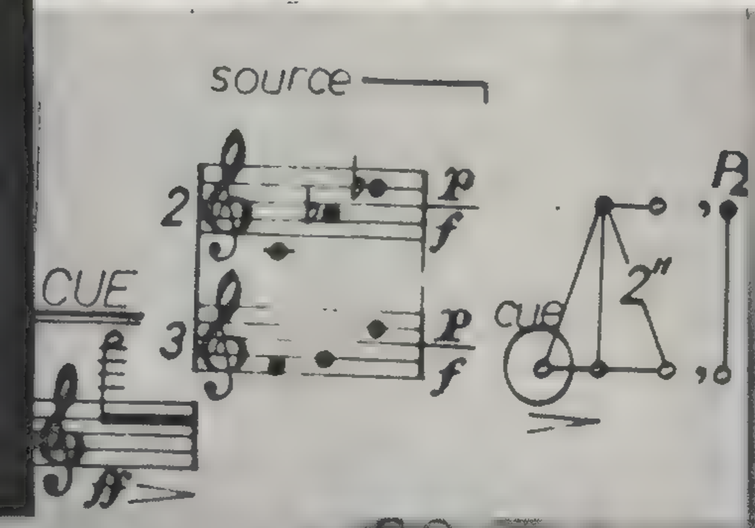
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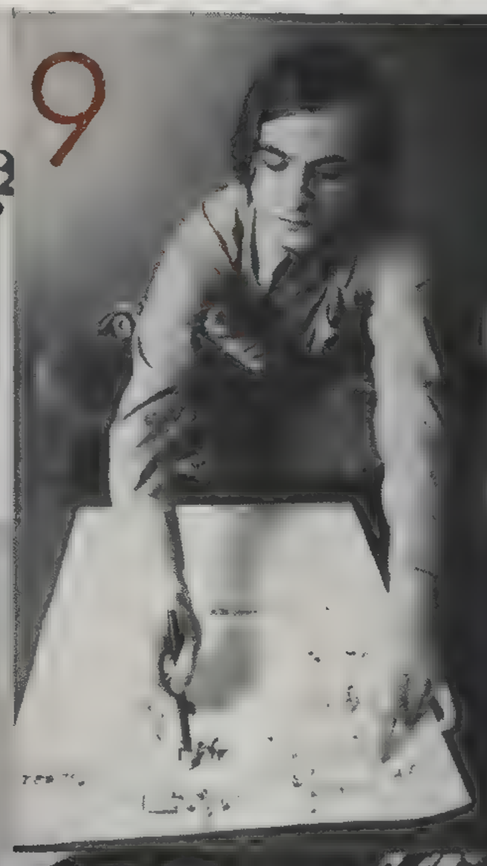
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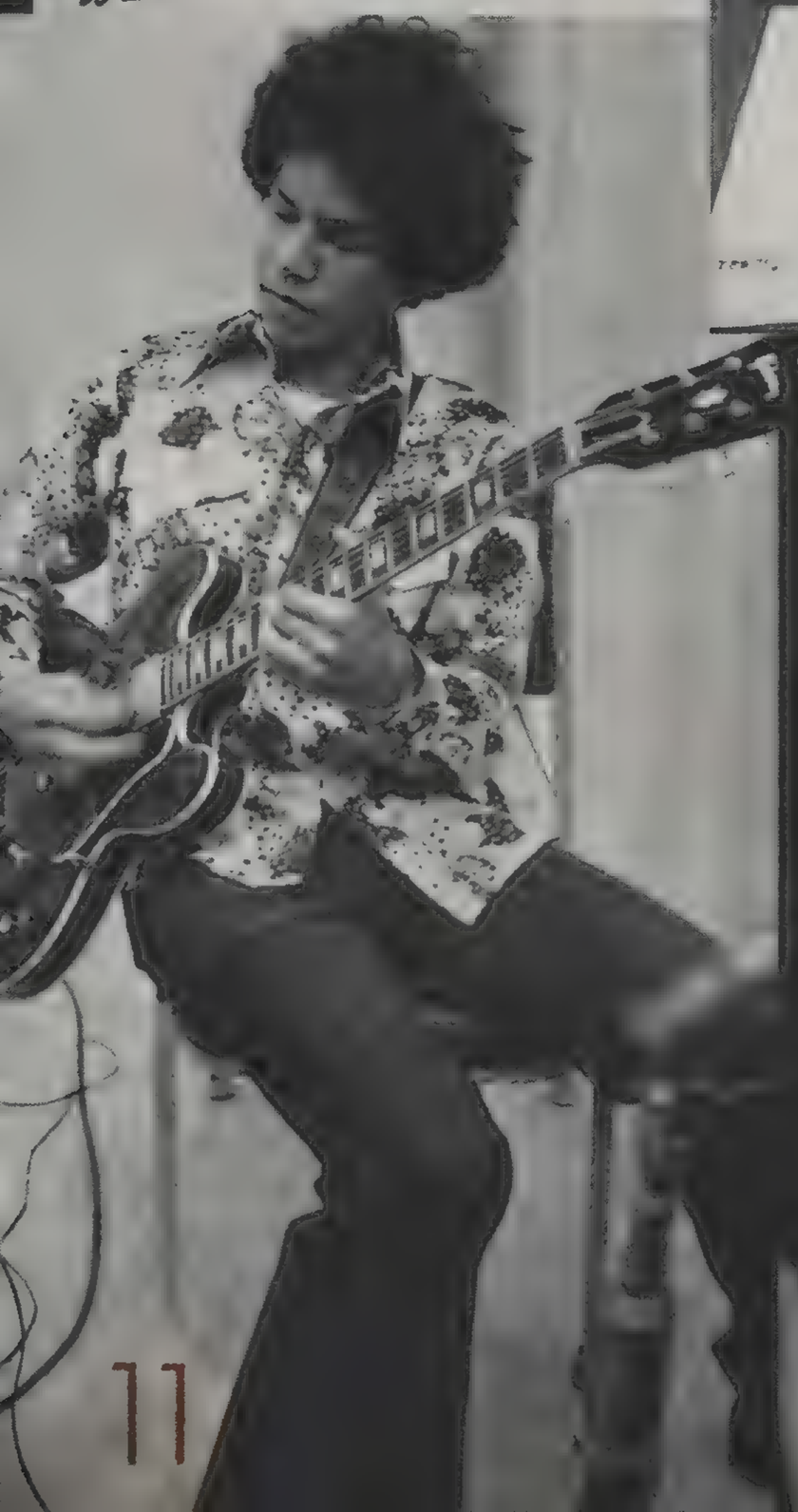


1. Isaiah Jackson, III, 25, music director of the Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York, conducts two other young orchestras as well. Tall, bony, self-contained, with an expressive back, he has a good grasp of priorities—music first. **2. The Breillat girls,** 19, non-mirror French twins. Marie-Hélène, dark, with freckles painted on "for tenderness," acts, sweetly grave, a breeze on French television. Golden Catherine writes a storm: Her gutty novel *A Man for the Asking*, written at 17 and published in the U.S.A., a gasper: "I never use those words myself," said Catherine. **3. Frank Grimes,** 23, Irish actor with gingerbread-boy eyes, bowled over Broadway as a brogue-tongued Brendan Behan in *Borstal Boy*, the hit Dublin Abbey Theatre production that he leaves this month. Headed back to repertory, Grimes said, "I haven't played my favourite part yet." **4. Kay Mazzo,** 24, youngest principal dancer with the New York City Ballet and lead ballerina in fifteen rôles, tender and resolute, a beauty. **5. Gordon Matta,** 25, son of the Chilean painter Matta and one of the new artist-environmentalists, boils up large quantities of agar (a gelatin-like base made from seaweed), pours it into gigantic trays, and allows the mixture to rot: "I'm more interested in synthesizing life than making art." **6. Roc Brynner,** 23, son of Yul Brynner, adaptor-translator and chief actor in *Opium*, a Dublin stage version of the journal kept by Jean Cocteau during his cure for drug addiction. High-boned, raked in black pyjamas, Brynner takes the somnolent detachment of the addict and startles it alive with wit—a terrifying solo. **7. Kyung-Wha Chung,** 21, a superb violinist, joyous, delicate, Korean, attacks her 1693 Stradivarius like a sand-lot kid at bat. This year when the great Nathan Milstein fell ill, the Israel Philharmonic sent for her to finish his tour. After one concert with the London Symphony Orchestra, she was asked back for twelve next year. **8. Roy Lucas,** 28, an astute lone-wolf Southerner and New York lawyer, triggered reform with his original thinking: that abortion laws are unconstitutional. Next, rights of students and teachers. **9. Humphrey Evans, III,** 21, soaring composer, had, at 19, a six years' retrospective concert at Washington's Smithsonian. Volatile, wiry, stern, a multi-prize-winner, he calls his phenomenal works Pop Art, produces manuscripts like board games—one shown here. **10. Ruth White,** 19, the first Black and youngest woman to win a national fencing championship (she has four titles in all), has amber-and-apricot looks, instinctive speed and skill. Her composed confidence suits her next goal: a medical degree. **11. Shuggie Otis,** 16, a full-grown musician in a kid's body, plays supreme blues guitar, among other things. Star of his own album, *Here Comes Shuggie Otis*, he still likes playing sideman to his father, Johnny Otis—a job he started young, wearing a false moustache. **12. Carolyn Coon,** 24, British, bravura, friezed with eyelashes, runs Release, a London service to give legal help to minorities, immigrants, addicts; to find solicitors, hospitals, jobs; and to nudge the Establishment its way. **13. Christopher Dewey and Dennis Friedland,** 26 and 27, at opposite poles of looks, backgrounds, and approaches to business, converge on producing nutty, dirty, and/or good films—and making money—with their three-year-old firm, The Cannon Group.

32 ACTIONISTS











SEX, *virginity,* MONEY

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

BY ALLENE TALMEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Bruno Bettelheim, one of the most notable educators, is also one of education's most controversial men. Rowley Distinguished Service Professor of Education at the University of Chicago, Dr. Bettelheim is the director of The Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School and the author of nine books with the most recent, *The Children of the Dream,* published by Macmillan in 1969.

Talmey: Quality of life?

BETTELHEIM: There is a cleavage between educated and blue-collar people and both suffer.

It is the consequence of incredibly fast changes in our lives. In the Great Depression the problems were how to make a living, how to get and keep a good job. Now, those essential struggles have come to seem relatively unimportant. Then, for those who set the tone, fulfillment forced one to provide the essentials, even if the work were hard or boring. "I can provide for myself and those to whom I am responsible." Whether or not one liked the work, at end of day there was a feeling of satisfaction that justified the effort.

These days the agony of life is to a large degree due to a lack of feeling of self-respect. Why? If one takes making a living for granted, then this issue arises: Is what I am doing worthwhile? Jobs are available now. Do I do something worthwhile? The choice becomes difficult, even agonizing. The decision then involves one's own self-respect and worthwhileness. The fairly educated young person may think that his wife, his children need him. *Not* so. He must find self-respect somewhere else. Much of the work time may *not* go to essentials but to the non-essential things. It is a problem.

Girls have always wanted children, home, security. Most girls want exactly the same today. But suddenly that is *not* taken for granted. This becomes a problem. "Should I stay home or take my place out in society?" Is she short-changing her children and her husband? It all depends on the arrangement. Children are not well taken care of if the mother resents staying home.

Premarital life has not prepared the young wife just to wait for her husband to come home.

Talmey: Sex?

BETTELHEIM: Difficulties have become great for girls because essentially parents want their daughters *not* to be promiscuous and for good reasons. In liberal, educated families, children are brought up with the idea that sex is normal, beautiful, healthy, and enjoyable; but the girls are expected *not* to engage in it, to be virgins until married. Modern contraceptives have done away with a powerful control or inhibitory anxiety. It was formerly easy for a girl to control her sexual desires because premarital sex was wrong, there was the fear of pregnancy and of social disapproval. Now these have fallen away while parents' admonitions have become contradictory. The girl thus is in agony whether she does or doesn't. If she does, she is in the eyes of parents—or so she thinks—not a nice girl and in the eyes of the boys an easy mark. If she doesn't, she worries whether she is neurotic, frigid, or unattractive. Essentially girls more than boys or men have a deep desire for stable, permanent attachments. Deep down, girls are not satisfied with fleeting relations. A girl can feel good about herself only if she keeps her man, if he proves her importance by proving how permanently important she is to him. It is not quite so true for the boy who gets some satisfaction from many conquests. But it is no lasting happiness to him either, because he too can not gain any security from a series of fleeting relations.

I think the anger of the Women's Liberation Movement can be understood only from the fact that the women feel that they are no longer taken seriously by men. Many of the women no longer wear bras, but a casual inspection shows that only those girls who have good breasts go in for such a natural way of dress. Those who are flat-chested wear falsies. Sagging breasts wear bras. Thus, the women still want to look attractive to men although they hate this idea. What they hate is that they are not

full equal partners—they do not want to be easy conquests, and why should they? do not want to be picked up and dropped, a consequence of considering sex a casual affair.

Talmey: The Pill?

BETTELHEIM: It is true nowadays that many boys expect their girls to be on the Pill, that is, the boys do not wish to carry any responsibility. They want to come and go freely. As long as the male had to be the responsible one, it was possible for the girl, without too much damage to her self-respect, to wait for the boy to call on her, to take her out. Now the responsibility rests with the girl to take the Pill, to be ready for sex; but she still can not take the initiative that should be hers since she carries the major burden. The male still wants the girl to wait for him, to be available when he wants without any reciprocity by him of being available when she wants him.

Talmey: Love?

BETTELHEIM: We have to realize that love as a significant and permanent relationship requires both self-respect and respect for the partner. It also requires a belief that life is worthwhile; because, if not, life together can not be worthwhile. A relationship based on sexual attraction rather than the wish to live a whole life together will be disappointing to both partners but particularly to the female. As likely as not, within a decade other *younger* girls will be more attractive to the man bent only on sex. It is a danger to base love on sex rather than on building a life together. Thus, one of the agonies of many young people is that they do not know whether they are highly satisfactory as sex partners. I have seen many relations that could have been quite good become unsatisfactory because one or both partners worried so much about sexual potency, whether they could experience or provide the highest sexual satisfaction. If two people live well together, it is fairly easy to enjoy each other in sex. If the entire relationship is supposed to be based on sex, sex soon may turn out to be found wanting.

Talmey: Has the rôle of children changed?

BETTELHEIM: The rôle of children has changed in the last three generations. Children, up to the Depression, were an economic asset: helpers, unpaid labour. They were not only dependent, but they were contributing to the family's money. Now, children are an economic liability, an enormous expense. The moral child asks: "What right do I have to accept all that from my parents?" One can not explain the hippie style of life (communes) unless it is seen as a reaction to guilt because one has accepted so much without contributing in return.

Talmey: Cost of children?

BETTELHEIM: The largest expenditure of middle-class families goes towards raising children. The parents then expect some kind of return: That the children make parents feel good, proving that parents were successful parents. The consequence is that the child often does not know whether success is because he wants to achieve it or because parents expect it of him. That is why, in prestige colleges, there are a number of drop-outs; some, of course, return to college because they want it and not because it is expected of them.

Talmey: Confusion?

BETTELHEIM: Many of the young show confusion of identity—if they have an orderly life they can not be sure that is what they wanted for themselves or if they are Milquetoasts for living as they were told to. If they live in a disorderly style, then they believe it is out of their own desire. Actually to live exactly as the parents wanted or in the opposite way, shows that life is still run by parents whether in a positive way or a negative one. The immature adults are still trying to prove something —their independence. They ought to be living their own lives.

Talmey: Dependency?

BETTELHEIM: We have extended dependency way beyond reason. In the Western world, until recently, public schooling ended when children were about fifteen or sixteen, if not earlier. In older days the vast majority worked and a few years later married and had children. Now with children maturing earlier than ever before and going to school longer, it is destructive to the young at the height of their physical vigour to be dependent on others rather than to do on their own important things out in the world. In the past only a few went to school beyond sixteen: They often found fulfillment in academic work. To be strong and healthy but still preparing oneself for life at twenty or twenty-one is destructive to adult self-respect.

Talmey: Student demands?

BETTELHEIM: The demand of college students to participate in running institutions is not due to a *desire* to do so. When given a chance to work on committees, for example, the students find long meetings tedious, unexciting, boring. They are not really interested in planning curricula or deciding on appointments. My experience at the University of Chicago has been that as vigourously as demands are made, the students fail to go to meetings after the first few. The reason for the demands is that psychologically the *correct* feeling is that by the age of twenty-one men or women should be masters of their own fate and not be regimented by others.

Recently I learned that for several months there were excited demands at the University for a co-ed dormitory. The administration did not object out of principle but because the girls wanted bathtubs and other matters too expensive to install. Finally, the administration agreed. A large number of students had fought for the co-ed dormitory. Only two girls signed up. The boys who told me the story found themselves in a predicament because the girls were not those they wanted to live in the formerly male dormitory. The point: It is insufferable at this age to be told who can live where and how. The fight against rules and regulations stems from the fact that it is contrary to self-respect to be guided like children. The substance of the fight lies in a fight for independence.

Talmey: Need for importance?

BETTELHEIM: Young people have a great need for feeling important, the natural consequence of the insecurity of a person who has not yet fully found himself. Thus, young people want to feel that they can make a significant contribution—that they are needed by society. Certainly the new nations need a new generation to move themselves from tribalism into the twentieth century. There is a reason why there is little or no unrest among Israeli youth. Every young person there knows how desperately the nation needs each of them for survival.

I think that the excitement about politics that has swept our campuses, paralleled originally by this excitement about the Peace Corps, can be understood because it gives young people the feeling that in this way they can really do something of tremendous importance for society. Thus, I believe that it isn't the causes that are embraced—one day a Peace Corps, another the fight against nuclear armaments, then civil rights, today Viet Nam, and tomorrow ecology—worthy as each cause may be, that provides the impetus. It comes (Continued on page 156)

PAOLO

JACK ROBINSON

SOLERI, GENIUS

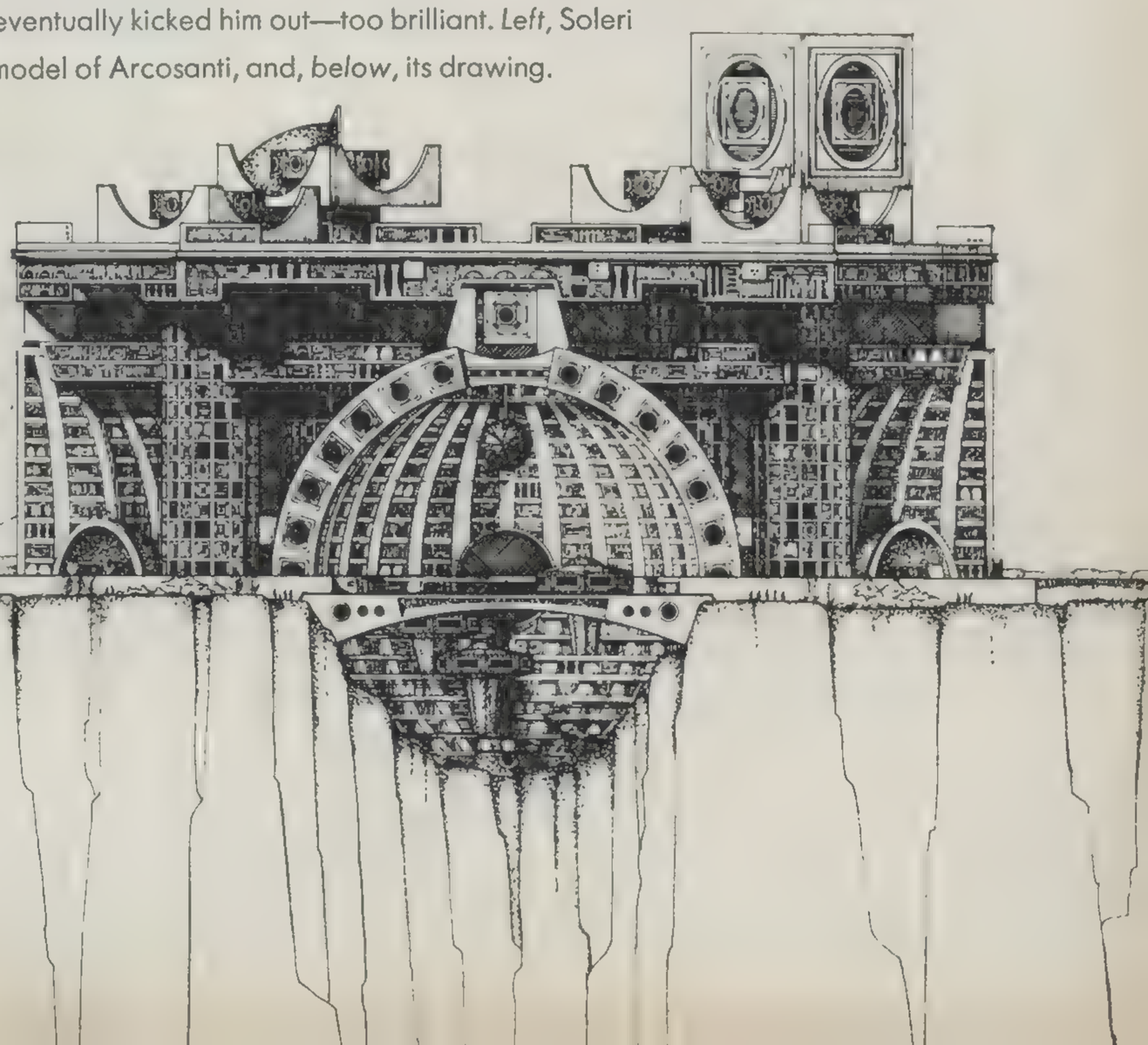
INSPIRER OF THE YOUNG WITH HIS VISIONARY ECOLOGY-ARCHITECTURE

by James Harithas

Paolo Soleri, a visionary city planner, makes remarkable drawings and models of fantastic city structures and bridges. His exhibition at the Corcoran in Washington, D. C., earlier this year drew a record attendance for the one-hundred-year-old institution; nearly fifty thousand visitors came during a six-week period. Many found the exhibition disturbing; some were stunned—it made them look to the future rather than the past, to a time radically changed. Others, ardently perceptive, saw in the nearly two hundred renderings and models a vision akin to that of such geniuses as Leonardo da Vinci, William Blake, Claude-Nicholas Ledoux, and Alexander Graham Bell, all considered more or less impractical visionaries in their own time.

The exhibition was a major success and consequently is now in New York for the summer. However, even a successful museum exhibition is small compensation for over twenty years' creative work. Soleri's ideas are crucial to our time, particularly since he has long been searching for major solutions to such problems that infect city life as pollution, overpopulation, and loneliness. In her superb article on Soleri's work, Ada Louise Huxtable in *The New York Times* asked us to acknowledge and to support his vision: "Take another hard look at that world (Continued on page 149)

Paolo Soleri is a lively genius, thin, harassed, tanned a deep brown, who is absorbed in visions of a city, limited, extraordinary, that he will begin building this summer in central Arizona. To explain what he does, Soleri invented the word "arcology," a cross between architecture and ecology. It is an exact word. Although his city visions are enormous, his drawings of them are detailed and beautiful. He makes passionate epigrams about ecology. These days there is an exhibition of his plans for his city, called Arcosanti, which takes up only eight acres of an eight-hundred-acre site, plus other plans and scale models at the Whitney Museum and the Reese Palley Gallery in New York. Organized by James Harithas who wrote this article, the Soleri exhibition began at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. That, plus the publication of his book, *Arcology: The City in the Image of Man*, by the M.I.T. Press, has increased the visibility of Soleri even if he is still enigmatic. Born in Torino, Italy, in 1919, Soleri came to the Scottsdale desert, eager, a happy rebel-apprentice to Frank Lloyd Wright who eventually kicked him out—too brilliant. *Left*, Soleri with model of Arcosanti, and, *below*, its drawing.



WINTER RUG

A NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA"

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

My credentials? Of course. They are in my pocket. Here: I've had friends who have died in California and I mourn them in my own way. I've been to Forest Lawn and romped over the place like an eager child. I've read *The Loved One, The American Way of Death, Wallets in Shrouds,* and my favourite *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan.*

I have watched men standing beside hearses in front of mortuaries directing funerals with walkie-talkies as if they were officers in a metaphysical war.

Oh, yes: I was once walking with a friend past a skid-row hotel in San Francisco and they were carrying a corpse out of the hotel. The corpse was done tastefully in a white sheet with four or five Chinese extras looking on, and there was a very slow-moving ambulance parked out front that was prohibited by law from having a siren or to go faster than thirty-seven miles an hour and from showing any aggressive action in traffic.

My friend looked at the lady or gentleman corpse as it went by and said, "Being dead is one step up from living in that hotel."

As you can see, I am an expert on death in California. My credentials stand up to the closest inspection. I am qualified to continue with another story told to me by my friend who also works as a gardener for a very wealthy old woman in Marin County. She had a nineteen-year-old dog that she loved deeply and the dog responded to this love by dying very slowly from senility.

Every day my friend went to work the dog would be a little more dead. It was long past the proper time for the dog to die, but the dog had been dying for so long that it had lost the way to death.

This happens to a lot of old people in this country. They get so old and live with death so long that they lose the way when it comes time to actually die. Sometimes they stay lost for years. It is horrible to watch them linger on. Finally the weight of their own blood crushes them. Anyway, at last the woman could not stand to watch the senile suffering of her dog any longer and called up a veterinarian to come and put the dog to sleep.

She instructed my friend to build a coffin for the dog, which he did, figuring it was one of the fringe clauses of gardening in California.

The death doctor drove out to her estate and was soon in the house carrying a little black bag. That was a mistake. It should have been a large pastel bag. When the old woman saw the little black bag, she paled visibly. The unnecessary reality of it scared her, so she sent the veterinarian away with a generous check in his pocket.

Alas, having the veterinarian go away did not solve the dog's basic problem: He was so senile that death had become a way of life and he was lost from the act of dying.

The next day the dog walked into the corner of a room and couldn't get out of it. The dog stood there for hours until it collapsed from exhaustion, which conveniently happened to be just when the old woman came into the room, looking for the keys to her Rolls-Royce.

She started crying when she saw the dog lying there like a mutt-puddle in the corner. Its face was still pressed against the wall and its eyes were watering in some human kind of way that dogs get when they live with people too long and pick up their worst characteristics.

She had her maid carry the dog to his rug. The dog had a Chinese rug that he had slept on since he was a puppy in China before the fall of Chiang Kai-Shek. The rug had been worth one thousand American dollars then, having survived a dynasty or two.

The rug was worth a lot more now, being in rather excellent shape with actually no more wear and tear than it would get being stored in a castle for a couple of centuries. The old woman called the veterinarian again and he arrived with his little black bag of tricks and how to find the way back to death after having lost it for years—years that led oneself to being trapped in the corner of a room.

"Where is your pet?" he said. "On his rug," she said.

The dog lay exhausted and sprawled across beautiful Chinese flowers and things from a different world. "Please do it on his rug," she said. "I think he would like that."

"Certainly," he said. "Don't worry. He won't feel a thing. It's painless. Just like falling asleep."

"Good-bye, Charlie," the old woman said. The dog of course didn't hear her. He had been deaf since 1959.

After bidding the dog farewell, the old woman took to bed. She left the room just as the veterinarian was opening his little black bag. The veterinarian needed PR help desperately.

Afterward my friend took the coffin in the house to pick up the dog. A maid had wrapped the body in the rug. The old woman insisted that the dog be buried with the rug and its head facing west in a grave near the rose garden, pointing toward China. My friend buried the dog with its head pointing toward Los Angeles. As he carried the coffin outside, he peeked in at the thousand dollar rug. Beautiful design, he said to himself. All you would have to do would be to vacuum it a little and it would be as good as new.

My friend is not generally known as a sentimentalist. Stupid dead dog! he said to himself as he neared the grave, Damn dead dog!

"But I did it," he told me. "I buried that dog with the rug and I don't know why. It's a question that I'll ask myself forever. Sometimes when it rains at night in the winter, I think of that rug down there in the grave, wrapped around a dog."

The NEW CULTURE

WHAT HIT THE YOUNG WHEN ROCK LEFT THE CENTRE OF THEIR LIVES?

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

As everyone must know by now, the Beatles have broken up. I don't intend to conduct an autopsy in this space; I'm not terribly adept with a scalpel. Besides, what interests me about the whole affair is not Paul McCartney's timely departure (which coincided with the release of his first solo album) but the reaction among the legions who make up the Beatles' diverse following. Our most durable pop heroes were about to go their separate (and disparate) ways. It should have been a historic moment (on a par, certainly, with the Army's induction of Elvis Presley), but it seemed merely superfluous. McCartney's announcement occasioned all the hoopla of a blimp passing in the night. There were a few feeble protests, a brief flurry of obituaries, and the predictable exclusive story in *Rolling Stone*. But most people who read the news that day were only mildly surprised.

There are, after all, more important things than the Beatles to worry about. It's worth considering that the most perceptive young people (who once made up the cream of the rock audience) are concerned with pop music now only as it reflects that mixture of life style and politics called, variously, the Movement, the Revolution, or simply the New Culture. These people form a sort of sequel to the audience of the hip 'sixties. They still buy records and go to rock concerts, but they stand at a distance from the music, and they no longer reserve a special place in the centre of their lives for the pop experience. Not that rock has lost its meaning for them, it has simply abandoned some of its mystery. Their heroes aren't superstars, and there is little room in their concern with issues and processes for rock's obsession with image and appearance. These people —the New Audience—are moving away from the Woodstock Nation and toward a less easily defined terrain, where the commercial and the political do not readily mix. They are not the kind of people who go through life chanting "Let It Be," and they were not impressed with the news that the Beatles are no more.

I may be abusing my critical prerogative here, but I believe these people are the vanguard of a new approach to pop culture—though that approach is too indefinite right now to be spoken of as anything but an attitude. Still, I believe it is an attitude that will lead us all to discover a new, intimate style of rock (reminiscent of folk music, perhaps, but not as esoteric or austere) and to a less heroic, more "neighbourly" relationship between a performer and his audience. It is not the impact of pop music that is changing but its function. There was a moment when it seemed that every ounce of our creative energy was channelled into rock. Activists and aesthetes alike found a fertile ground for their visions in pop culture. Rock stars were elevated into shamans; we tried to emulate their behaviour in the hope of attaining some semblance of their projected glory.

But, up close, rock stars were anxious, uncertain people, ambivalent, toward their audience because it demanded of them the kind of messianic grace no ordinary human being could provide. Drugs and power sounds became surrogate agents of this grace. To discover the wisdom of the rock star, you had to reach beyond his image and his music, to the core of his bitterness as a sacrificial agent. Almost always, within that inner rage, you found him saying something such as: "It ain't me, babe" or "Hey you, get off of my cloud."

We have become suspicious of the ritual that was rock, sensing its pretense as religion and its hypocrisy as entertainment. Today, the rock star is expected to maintain something of a low profile in the charisma sector. If he is a lyricist, he must confine himself to the traditional rock-blues idiom or produce the kind of gently lyrical verse that is "poetic" only when performed. If he is a performer, he would be advised to cultivate a down-homey cool. "We're just folks here to play for ya. Just us an' our amps. Right on, y'all."

Bob Dylan is no less the *poseur* as a rube than he was playing God, but he sounds a lot more plausible these days. And plausibility is an attitude our entire culture is embracing. We're going home. Significantly, the Beatles are going along rather than leading the way. They have spent the last two years dismantling their mystique, and they have come to the point where nothing remains of the Fab Four except the unadorned musicians we meet in their latest and least heroic film, *Let It Be*. (Someone who understands the New Audience has decided to advertise this film as "an intimate experience.") For some time, we have actually known the Beatles as an amorphous incorporation called Apple, or less formally, JohnPaulRingoGeorge. The transition from Beatles music to Apple music has been a tenuous process, but an inevitable one. The cohesion on which so much of their early magic depended has all but vanished anyway. There is a creative tension in all Beatles' albums since *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and it is the kind of tension you don't find in work by "integrated" groups like Creedence Clearwater Revival or The Band.

That tension is the most interesting thing about the Beatles' latest album, *Let It Be*. Aside from a gratuitous swipe at the Rolling Stones (which is pretty funny, all the same), this is a most predictable piece of work. "The Long and Winding Road," which has been released as a single, will fit snugly into any Las Vegas repertoire. "Let It Be" is opulent and insidious (especially if you agree with Robert Christgau that "there will be an answer . . . only if we make one"). And the best songs—the ones you find yourself humming when half asleep—are songs you've heard before.

Still there is that tension—that gulf between mangy John and deft Paul, between the bad boy and the dreamer, the raucous and the lush. I can only define that tension as it reflects the way each of the (Continued on page 156)

ZACHARIASEN

PETE DUEL

GUNILLA LINDBLAD

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

Fastest fun in the west

Gunilla and Michael and Pete are on the right track, looking great and grooving on California's luxe new Ontario Motor Speedway. An easy ride from Los Angeles, OMS is the only speedway in the world to handle all four types of major sanctioned auto racing events—kicks off September 6 with the first California 500; follows up November 21-22 with the first in the World Series of Drag Racing, the National Hot Rod Association Supernationals; and rounds out the annual schedule early in '71 with a 500-mile stock car race and a Grand Prix sportscar road race. **Crowd-pleasers,** above: Gunilla Lindblad in a dirndly violet jersey midi-dress, flanked by two actor-driver chums—Pete Duel, the beard, of the movie *Generation*; Michael Douglas, Kirk *fils*, next in *Summertree*. In the foreground: C. R. Possell's championship Indie-type Lola, hopes high for the California 500. Dress by 499-Division of Kloss-Pruzan, of Trevira and wool (Brandy fabric). $50. Henri Bendel. Watch: Bill Blass for Vantage. Belt by Elegant. **In gear,** opposite page: Gunilla—in a long cardigan, pull, and tucked-in pants of beige lamb's wool—raps with Michael alongside an orange Lola T-70 Group 7 Can-Am sportscar owned by Bob Bondurant, who heads the School of High Performance Driving at OMS. Turnout: Meister Plus by Catalina. Pull, $16; cardigan, $18; pants, $20. Best & Co. Odyssey belt. Endura watch.

Fastest fun in the west

JOHN GUEDEL

Gunilla's grand stand, above, in honey suède pants and fringe-sashed tunic; demon driver John Guedel in fire suit and red-white-and-blue helmet —to match the dragster he hopes to enter in the November Supernationals at OMS. Turnout by Mic Mac. At L.S. Ayres; Frost Bros. All caps, these pages, by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis.

ZACHARIASEN



MICHAEL DOUGLAS, above, besides acting and car racing, loves travel, which is why he's off to Europe for a year. . . he's part of the freedom of action that California's all about. **So much dash,** right—red-white-and-navy crewneck and navy gab pants—deserves a perch with John Guedel en route to the promenade overlooking the OMS Victory Circle Club. Wool turnout by C. Capriotti for the General store, at I. Miller. Sweater, $50; pants, $55. Mittens by Grandoe. Odyssey belt.



MORE DASH THAN CASH

JOANNA SHIMKUS WEARS NIFTY LITTLE LOOKS AT THRIFTY LITTLE PRICES

PENATI

Joanna Shimkus, the extraordinary young star of the movie, *The Virgin and the Gypsy*...green-eyed, marvellous looking...she's the happy-go-girl here.

$50 wears the pants, left, and a turtleneck tunic to match, all in chevron-patterned navy knit...tie on a fringy suède sash, pull up your Tartary fur-cuffed boots—and laugh all the way to the bank. Wilroy turnout. Of Fortrel and acetate. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frost Bros. Watch by Cartier. Belt at Hernando's. Gucci boots.

$58 goes to two lengths at once, right: knit mididress slit over a short matching panel of skirt. In black wool with licorice-slicks of vinyl everywhere and shiny black boots. Leslie Fay dress, of wool. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Miss Magnin. Choker by Bruce Rudow. Tights by Round-the-Clock. Boots by Charles Jourdan. All of Joanna's coiffures on these eight pages are by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.





JOANNA SHIMKUS

MORE DASH THAN CASH

PENATI

$42 and the tweed's on, far left—short brown-and-white knit dress to sash in suède and wear with long crumply suède boots. By Robert Peters, of Trevira and wool. At Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Joseph Horne; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Sakowitz. Choker: Yves Saint Laurent. Belt: Hernando's. Boots by Capezio.

$95 takes the money and splits, top left—slit brown midi skirt belted over a matching ribbed turtleneck. Bill Haire. Of wool, viscose, nylon, and fur. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Denver; Frost Bros. Cerruti hat. Belt by Odyssey. Battani boots.

$50 short, left: soft pink sweaterdress—and those marvellous long wrinkly boots. Dress: Melba Hobson for Tanner of North Carolina; wool, nylon, and rabbit hair (Tussah Fabrics). Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; L.S. Ayres. Dog collar: Etienne Aigner. Belt: Bruce Rudow. Capezio suède boots.

$110 pulls together the kickiest look in town, below: navy-and-white wool tweed kilted midi, pleated and wrapped to go—with a blue-and-ivory striped cotton-knit shirt and sleeveless navy wool sweater. Annemarie Gardin for Papillon. Late August, at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Miss Magnin. Bag: Gail van der Hoof for Allen Cole Boutique. Belt by Calderon. Battani boots.





JOANNA SHIMKUS

$38 reels in all the flounce and bounce, above—violet-on-beige jersey knit square-dance dress with a narrow, narrow shirt-top and buttons all the way down the front—ready to dos-à-dos with laced suède boots and a fringy suède sash. By Betsey Johnson for Alley Cat, of Acrilan. In junior sizes. At Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Belt by Elegant. Red boots by Battani.

$125 whisks away pants and a slit shirtdress to wear over them, left—both in black wool with a wide laced corselet belt and shaggy grey-and-white lamb shoulderbag. A woolmark turnout by Gianni Ferri for Banff. Altman's; Sakowitz. Elegant belt. Bag by Animal Crackers. Charles Jourdan boots.

$46 gets the jump on, top of the page. Brown knit jumpsuit with ribbed white sleeves...white lacing at the waist and a big white furry shoulderbag. By The Collection. Jumpsuit of polyester and wool; sleeves of acrylic. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Higbee's; Hudson's; The Denver. Belt by Thomas Robbins. Bag by Battani. All dog collars this page by Bruce Rudow.

$44 for swirls and curls of pattern and colour on a two-piece black knit, right—yellow, orange-red, and violet with white stripes. By Simpatico for Artemis, of Enkalure nylon (Matisse fabric). At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Cartier watch. Calderon belt. Battani bag. Boots by Charles Jourdan.

MORE DASH THAN CASH

PENATI



JOANNA SHIMKUS

MORE DASH THAN CASH



$95 for this swinging wool plaid, far left—a long belted coatful of yellow, red, black, with rings of fringe at the elbows. By Daniel Hechter of Paris for Jeune Couture. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stix, Baer & Full; Sakowitz. Sable hat: Halston. Grandoe gloves. Shoulder-bag: Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Gucci boots.

$70 picks up all the pieces, left—a bright sweater-vest of patterned wool for $13; slick gaucho pants of brown vinyl cobra for $33; a cavalier shirt, all sleeves and ruffles, for $24. Pants and vest by Evan-Picone, knitted in America. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; B. Forman; Higbee's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; Miss Magnin. Shirt of Avril and cotton, by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Pilot; at Bloomingdale's; Harzfeld's. Marguerite Hetier choker. Lady Heritage scarf. Boots by Golo.

$25 for two different patterns of red, blue, yellow, above—a knitted top with a baby-jacquard body, long striped sleeves. High neck, bound in stripes, topped with a beaded choker. Top by Stephen Burrows World, of Orlon. At Henri Bendel.

$114 for stripes in all directions, above—oval-neck top with short sleeves, banded in black, red, blue, yellow. With a black midiskirt, red-striped at the hem. Stephen Burrows World; Jasco wool; knitted in America. Henri Bendel. Bruce Rudow choker. Bags: Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. Aris gloves. Hanes tights. Shoes: D'Antonio.

FIND YOUR LONG LOOK

THE FAKE FUR COAT WORN BY GUNILLA LINDBLAD

When Gunilla walks by in this fake-jag coat, right, all heads turn. . . . It is the most glorious, dashing, romantic look —like a Magyar princess—with all that red fox rolling around the edges and a swag of fringe pouring from the waist, and a plump chapka of fake red fox . . . and her extraordinary white-blond hair fitted to her face and casting a cool, mysterious light on her skin. . . . More lightening that might be part of the picture—Jaquet's Translite Foundation in a pale Tea Rose shade, White Pearl Shimmers under the brows, with a glow of Tampico lipstick warming the mouth. Coat by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat, of rayon (De Ball of America fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Sakowitz. Hat by Halston, made to order. Belt by Elegant. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Gunilla's hair combed by Christiaan of Henri Bendel.

Fake jaguar and red fox– Magyar dash

ZACHARIASEN



FIND YOUR LOOK IN THE LONG COAT, LONG DRESS

Here's a coat, near right, that any girl in the world would be wild to winter in—toasty wild-mustard suède sheepskin, shaped, fastened with braid, the curly-furly lamb inside spilling out around the edges and just matching Gunilla's pale-flax hair. Shearling coat by Sawyer Tanning. At Abercrombie & Fitch. Hair combed by Christiaan of Henri Bendel.

The perfect little shirtdress, far right: bright violet knit and everything else a girl could ask for—long-line ribbed top, flat-knit dirndl skirt, buttons all the way so legs can flash. . . . Just step right in, step right out. By Kimberly, of wool knitted in America. About $100. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Tie-dyed scarfs, both pages, by Up Tied for Halston. Hair combed by François of Kenneth.

Sheepskin supercoat, little violet mididress





FIND YOUR LOOK IN THE LONG COAT

The Mogul's Mogul coat, far left: an absolute smash of the fur-flourished genre—Argentine white lamb, here—that's reversible from the brown-and-white floral cotton tapestry side you see, to a brown-and-white wool tweed side you don't. By Anne Klein. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Swanson's; Frederick & Nelson. Off-white wooly mitts: Grandoe. **Gunilla pulls a winner from the Indian file,** near left: soft little wrap-and-tie fringed midi coat of buttery golden buckskin; goes on easy as a bathrobe over as much or as little as you feel like wearing underneath. By Givenchy Boutique. At Bergdorf Goodman; Gump's, San Francisco; Bullock's-Wilshire. Watch by Dynasty. Cotton print caps, on both pages, by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis.

Fur-edged tapestry coat, reversible to tweed... wrap-and-tie coat, fringed buckskin



FIND YOUR OWN GREAT PANTS LOOK



Oh, for a romantic **black burnoose to loose over pants,** far left, and boots and a crisp white shirt. A woolmark worsted burnoose by Günter for Project 2; about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Sakowitz. Shirt, Casa Cuero. Pants, Halston. Belt, Sant' Angelo for Calderon. Boots, Tony the Shoemaker. Hair by François of Kenneth. **Gunilla in black suède nailhead jeans,** near left, with a narrow black cashmere sweater, suède nailhead cap—great long-line look. Jeans (to order) and belt, at Hernando's. Jeans, $135. Sweater, Irene Bekeny for Dalton. About $55. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Black cap by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. **Fake-gorilla gaucho pants? ¡Si!** Fuzzy-wuzzy black, above; nylon knit shirt, tightly belted; fake-appaloosa boots. Pants by Günter for Project 2, of Verel and Kodel (Borg fabric). $130. To order: Sakowitz. Alice Stuart shirt, $15.. Bloomingdale's. Ruza Creations wrist-fringe. Calderon belt. David Evins boots. Hair combed by Christiaan of Henri Bendel.

The burnoose caper... nailhead suède jeans... fake-gorilla gauchos

ZACHARIASEN

FIND YOUR MIDI IN THE TOP-AND-SKIRT LOOK

Basque-country girl, below: Gunilla in a little basque-bodice one-piece dress of mille-fleurs crêpe de Chine—leg-o'-mutton sleeves and peplum waist, laced up in a cobra weskit. Red-black-and-white print dress by Claret; Gianni silk. About $145. At Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Dayton's. Dark-red weskit at Casa Cuero. Cotton madras cap by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis. **Little dirndl dress,** near right: small, shiny black top with clean-white collar and cuffs, sashed oyster-white dirndl skirt . . . and Gunilla looking fresh as a field flower in the sun. By Nardis of Dallas; Trevira Star knit. About $75. Franklin Simon; Joske's Houston. Georges Kaplan fur tails. **Shirt-and-skirt dash,** far right, with a wide laced and fringed corselet belt pulling a good look together—ruffled white knit shirt, fringed black-and-white knit skirt with the hem getting lots of points. By Francesca for Damon; shirt of polyester, skirt of wool. Together, about $125. Elizabeth Arden, New York; J. P. Allen; Jacobson's, Michigan; Famous-Barr. Belt by Hernando Reinoso. Crocheted cap, both pages, by Halston.



Peplums and leg-o'-mutton sleeves... dirndl skirts and belted waists

ZACHARIÁSEN





ZACHARIASEN

FIND YOUR OWN GREAT LEGGY LOOK

Slash, dash, legs flash, far left, through a terra-cotta twill gored midi unbuttoned thigh-high, belted wide and tight under a matching weskit, with a snappy shirt of beige-terra-cotta-and-rose-print black challis. By Luba for Elite Juniors. Wool skirt and weskit, about $140; shirt (Liberty of London print), about $48. Bonwit Teller; Boston Store; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Black suède belt: Hernando Reinoso. **Gunilla looks great in a long brown suède tunic and camel pants tucked in,** centre—white knit shirt with cuffs flicked back, shoulder-slung bag . . . superino! Jaeger turnout. Shirt of terylene and wool, about $44. Tunic, about $120. Pants of wool and camel's hair, about $44. All at Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Dynasty watch. Suède bag by Halston International. **The slit's a hit,** near left, swinging a wine wool midi coat straightaway from the waist in back; more goodies—navy braid frogs in front, navy braid back belt, nice big collar to roll up against a teeny crocheted cap. A woolmark coat by Frank Masandrea for Modelia; Stevens Forstmann fabric loomed in America. About $165. At Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Alaska Arctic gloves. Both pages: caps by Ronald Kolodzie for Genesis.

THE SmerALDinA's

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Samuel Beckett, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1969, first published this short story in 1934 in England in a volume called* More Pricks than Kicks. *Now he has chosen it for* The Collected Works of Samuel Beckett *which Grove Press is publishing this month. Born in Dublin in 1906, Beckett, a gaunt, shy, secretive man, has lived in Paris since 1937. Among his famous works are his novels,* Murphy, Molloy, *and his plays,* Waiting for Godot, Krapp's Last Tape, *and* End Game.

BEL BEL by own bloved, *allways* and for *ever* mine!!

Your letter is soked with tears death is the onely thing. I had been crying bitterly, tears! tears! tears! and nothing els, then your letter cam with more tears, after I had read it ofer and ofer again I found I had ink spots on my face. The tears are rolling down my face. It is very early in the morning, the sun is riseing behind the black trees and soon that will change, the sky will be blue and the trees a golden brown, but there is one thing that dosent change, this pain and thos tears. Oh! Bel I love you terrible, I want you terrible, I want your body your soft white body Nagelnackt! My body needs you so terrible, my hands and lips and breasts and everything els on me, sometimes I find it very hard to keep my promise but I have kept it up till now and will keep on doing so untill we meet again and I can at last have you, at last be the Geliebte. Whitch is the greater: the pain of being away from eachother, or the pain of being with eachother, crying at eachother beauty? I sopose the last is the greater, otherwise we would of given up all hope of ever being anything els but miserable.

I was at a grand Film last night, first of all there wasent *any* of the usual hugging and kissing, I think I have never enjoyed or felt so sad at a Film as at that one, *Sturm über Asien,* if it comes to Dublin you must go and see it, the same Regie as *Der Lebende Leichnam,* it was realey something quite different from all other Films, nothing to do with Love (as everybody understands the word) no silly girls makeing sweet faces, nearly all old people from Asien with marvellous faces, black lakes and grand Landschaften. Comeing home there was a new moon, it looked so grand ofer the black trees that it maid me cry. I opened my arms wide and tryed to imagine that you were lieing against my breasts and looking up at me like you did those moonlight nights when we walked together under the big chestnut trees with the stars shineing through the branches.

I met a new girl, very beautiful, pitch black hairs and very pale, she onely talks Egyptian. She told me about the man she loves, at present he is in Amerika far away in some lonely place and wont be back for the next three years and cant writ to her because there is no post office where he is staying and she onely gets a letter every 4 months, imagine if we only got a letter from each other every 4 months what sort of state we would be in by now, the poor girl I am very sorry for her. We went to a 5 o'clock tea dance, it was rather boreing but quite amuseing to see the people thinking of nothing but what they have on and the men settling their tyes every 5 minutes. On the way home I sudenly got in to a terrible state of sadness and woulden say a word, of course they were rageing with me, at the moment I dident care a dam, when I got in to the bus I got out a little Book and pencil and wrot down 100 times: Bloved Bloved Bloved Bel Bel Bel, I felt as if I never longed so much in my life for the man I love, to be with him, with him. I want you so much in every sence of the word, you and onely you. After I got out of the bus and was walking down the street I yelled out wahnsinnig wahnsinnig! wahnsinnig! Frau Schlank brought down your sock and that made my cry more than ever. I dont think I will send it to you, I will put it in to the drawer with your sweet letter. I had allso a letter from a man who asked me to go out with him to dance on Saturday evening, I sopose I will go. I know my bloved dosent mind and it makes the time go round quicker, the man is a bit of a fool but dances quite well and is the right hight for me. A flirt is very amuseing but shouldent go further than that.

Then I met the old man with the pipe and he told me I had a blue letter and then the fat man with the keys in the passage and he said Grüss Gott but I dident hear him.

Soon I will be counting the hours untill I can go to the station and find you amongst the crowded platform but I dont think I will be able to wear my grey costume if it is too cold and then I will have to wear Mammy furcoat. You will be by me on the 23th wont you Bel, my Bel with the beautiful lips and hands and eyes and face and everything that is on you, and now with your poor sore face it would make no diffrence. Two more weeks of agony pain and sadness! 14 more days oh! God and thos sleepless nights!!! How long? How long?

I had a very queer dream last night about you and me in a dark forest, we were lieing together on a path, when sudenly you changed in to a baby and dident know what love was and I was trying to tell you that I loved you more than anything on earth but you dident understand and wouldent have any thing to do with me but it was all a dream so it dosent count. There is no object in me trying to tell you how much I love you because I will never succeed, I know that for sirten. Is he the man I have allways been looking for? Yes! but then why cant he give that what I have been longing for for the last 6 months? I ofen wonder what

SHORT STORY BY SAMUEL BECKETT

BILLET DOUX

is on you that makes me love you so greatly. I love you über alles in dieser Welt, mehr als alles auf Himmel, Erde und Hölle. One thing I thank God for that our love is so vast. I ofen wonder who I am to thank that you are born and that we met, I sopose I beter not start trying to find out whose fault it is that you are born. It comes back to the same thing, and that is, that I onely know *ONE THING* and that is that *I LOVE YOU AND I AM ALLWAYS YOUR SMERALDINA* and that is the onely thing that matters most in our life *YOU LOVE ME AND ARE ALLWAYS MY BEL.*

Analiese is hacking round on the piano and there is no peace so I will stop. Now I am going to go on reading my Book called *Die Grosse Liebe* and then perhaps I will try and struggel through the Beethoven sonate, it is the onely thing that can take me away from my misery, I love playing quietly to myself in the evenings it gives me such a rest.

Bel! Bel! Bel! your letter has just come! Even if you cease to be all and allways mine!!! Oh! God how could you ever say such a thing, for lord sake dont!!! for god sake dont ever suggest such a thing again! I just berry my head in my hands and soke your letter with tears . . . Bel! Bel! how could you ever doubt me? Meine Ruh ist hin mein Herz ist schwer ich finde Sie nimmer und nimmer mehr. (Goethes Faust.) Lord Lord Lord for god sake tell me strate away what agsactly I have done. Is everything indiffrent to you? Evedintly you cant be bothered with a goat like me. If I dont stop writing you wont be able to read this letter because it will be all ofer tears. Bel! Bel! my love is so vast that when I am introduced to some young man and he starts doing the polite I get a qúivver all ofer. I *know* what I am lifeing for, your last letter is allways on my breast when I wake up in the morning and see the sun rise. Ich seh' Dich nicht mehr Tränen hindern mich! My God! my true dog! my baby!

I must get a new nib, this old pen is gone to the dogs, I can't writ with it any more, it is the one I got from Wollworth so you can imagine how good it must be.

Mammy wanted me to go out for a walk this afternoon, but I hate walking, I get so tired putting one foot delibertely in front of the other. Do you remember last summer (of course he dose) and how lovely it was lieing hearing the bees summing and the birds singing, and the big butterfly that cam past, it looked grand, it was dark brown with yellow spots and looked so beautiful in the sun, and my body was quite brown *all* ofer and I dident feel the cold any more. Now the snow is all melted and the wood is as black as ever and the sky is allways grey except in the early morning and even then one can onely see spots of red between the black clouds.

My hairs are freshily washed and I have a bit more energie than usual but still feel very passiv. For god sake dont overdo yourself and try and not get drunk again, I mean in that way that makes you sick.

We cam home in the bus this evening but we dident go that way through the fields with all the little paths because the big road was mended. Mammy allways asks after you. She says the time is *flying*, it will be *no* time untill Xmas and she says she hopes Frau Holle makes her bed ofen. I heard her saying to Daddy, I wonder how it is that Ivy and Bill get on my nerves when they go on together and Smerry and Bel never did. She ment when we are sitting on eachother knee and so on, I think it is because the love between Ivy and Bill is not real, there allways sems to be some sort of affection about it.

I curse the old body all day asswell because I have some dam thing on my leg so that I can barely walk, I don't know what it is or how it got there but it is there and full of matter to hell with it.

To-day is one of the days when I see everything more clearer than ever and I am sure everything *will* go *right* in the end.

Der Tag wird kommen und die stille
NACHT!!!

I dont genau know when but if I dident think so I would cullaps with this agony, thes terrible long dark nights and onely your image to console me. I like the little white statue so much and am longing for the day when you and I will be standing like that and not haveing to think that there is somebody outside that can come in any minute.

Arschlochweh is married and gone to the Schweiz with his wife.

You ask me to give you a taske. I think I have gived you a big enough a taske. I am longing to see the "thing" you wrot about my "beauty" (as *you* call it) I must say (without wanting any complements) I cant see anything very much to writ about except the usual rot men writ about women.

Darling Bel I must stop. My bed is lonely without me and your photograph is waiting to be kissed so I better give them both peace. Soon it will all take an end, you will be by me and will feel that marvellous pain again that we did in the dark mountains and the big black lake blow and will walk in the fields covered with cowslips and Flieder and will hold once more in your arms

your own sad bloved
SMERALDINA

P.S. One day nearer to the silent Night!!!

THE NEW CUT OF THE THROAT

Suddenly—the neck's on stage again, playing more rôles than you think. . . . Here's how to give it star quality.



NEXERCISES

A great dividend of dance training is the eloquently regal head, posed high on the famous "Swan" neck. One charming and authoritative owner of such a neck is Olga Ley, former dancer and teacher now of her own unique exercising system at her studio at 25 W. 15th St. in New York. People from all walks and all age groups faithfully visit that studio to improve their body style and life style by her "hybrid mixture of dance, stretch, and corrective movements." . . . To improve your neck style, Mrs. Ley designed the Nexercises here and on the next pages. "It's important to remember that the neck is not an isolated object, but part of the 'pulled-up posture.' You have to learn to carry your entire body from the centre and not tense the shoulders. Most people do not realize how little control they have over the set of their heads." . . . These Nexercises give you that control by freeing the neck from tension, loosening and lowering the shoulders, elongating the neck muscles, and generally making you feel how to hold your head high. Feeling is important. You must *feel* the lift through the chest and back, *feel* the distance between ears and shoulders, *feel* the shoulders hanging freely without tension. . . . Repeat each Nexercise until you *feel* the stretch thoroughly.

1. CHIN & THROAT FIRMER

a. Sit with knees pulled up to chest, back absolutely flat.

b. Stretch neck up, shoulders down. Tilt head down in front, then lift chin high and slowly drop head back.

c. Pull head as far back as possible and open and shut mouth slowly.

d. Bring head back forward, chin leading.

Tank-top leotard and tights by Capezio. Scarfs by Odyssey. More Nexercises are on the following two pages.

BERRY BERENSON

"Notice how many older people turn their whole body to look—while a young girl gracefully turns just her neck," a Nexpert suggested. We carefully turned just our neck and noticed. She was right. . . . The neck is a tattler—and it's tattling louder lately. As fashion's emphasis shifts downwards, the neck stretches upwards, a living ornament like the glory, *right.* It's calling attention to itself by wearing, like rings on a finger, dog collars and ribbons and chokers of beads. We can read much faster now what a neck has to say about a person's spirit—and, regrettably, age. . . . The neck obviously does a lot more for a girl than keeping a pretty head on her shoulders. Here's how the Nexperts advise us to persuade a throat to tell the good tales, deliver the message of firm, clean, shapely youth way beyond its time.

Break the neck of bad muscle habits, a major cause of crêpiness and lineage. The throat vies with the hands for honours in the aging department because it's thin-skinned, poor in fat (and it gets poorer as it gets older). When the neck muscles are properly toned, the skin is held taut and smooth. When they're not, the horizontal lines slip in, the contours sag. Nexercise—now! . . . *Stand and sit tall.* Ballerinas in training repeat the following rules out loud daily. "Weight even on both feet. Tighten tummy and derrière muscles. Lift rib cage. Shoulders down. Back straight. Head high and straight, uplifted from spine." . . . Your posture, with which your neck is intimately involved, holds one secret of youth. . . . *Fight droop by whipping up your circulation.* Massage helps tone muscles and tissues. For contours with a tendency to take it easy, start under your chin and knead your way to each ear. . . . Slap jawline briskly with inside of hand. Slap under chin with back of hand. . . . Foil the jowl. Pick up the skin of your chin with all fingers and rotate it gently, travelling from chin to jawbone in little circles. . . . *Clean, clean, clean,* morning and night, with the same cleanser you use on your face. Soil and dead cells like to gather in wrinkles, making them not only more obvious but engraving them deeper. Use special throat masques often. . . . At Carita's in Paris, Mme. Dulac has this famous neck "ironing" treatment to slow down the forming of the *collier de Vénus,* horizontal throat bands. Place palm of one hand under the chin, pressing it upward. Then, with a grainy cleanser (Carita's is Rénovateur), smooth down the skin of the throat with the other hand, lightly but firmly towards base of neck. Repeat from both sides of chin toward base and shoulder bones. Do an *effleurage* upwards—short, light fingertip strokes up to chin. Then "iron" downward once more. . . . *Keep it elastic* with moisturizers and emollients. A neck with wit should never be dry. Even if your skin is naturally so well-oiled that you don't use a moisturizer on your face, your throat probably thirsts for one. . . . There are special wrinkle-taming potions for the neck that maintain the oil-moisture balance of the skin and plump sagging cells to help smooth out wrinkles. . . . *A neck in the limelight should stay clear of burning sunlight.* Keep it either under wraps or plastered with sun-screening cream on the beach. . . . And so to bed, *no pillow for the vigilant head.* The Nexperts insist that sleeping flat, or with just a small cushion in the hollow of the neck, is a splendid contribution to the saving of a neck. (Continued)

PENATI





2. DE-TENSING STRETCH. Sit with back flat, legs stretched and apart, body at right angles to legs. Push heels forward, toes back, shoulders down. . . .

NEXERCISES (Continued)

Do these daily to dazzle up your neckline, your posture, your whole picture.

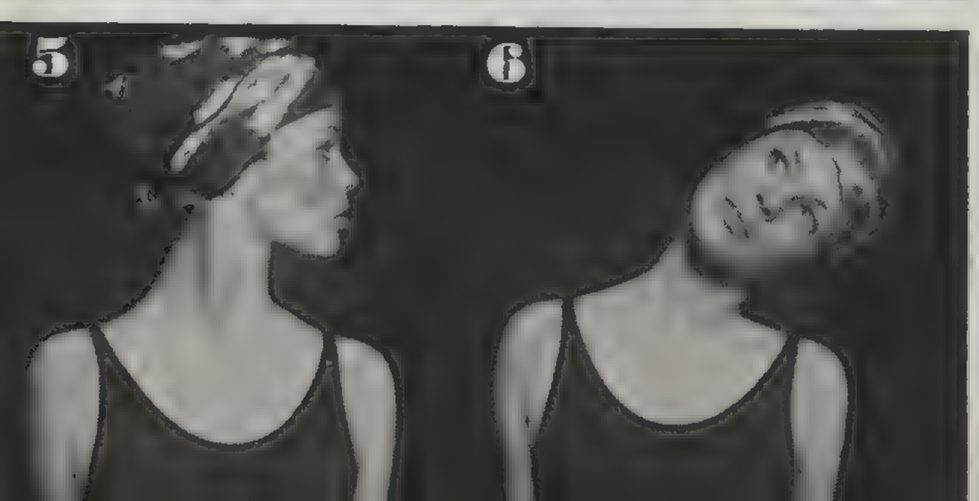
3. SHOULDER TRAINER. By exaggerating the high shrug and pulling out of it, you learn to feel correct shoulder position. **a.** Shrug shoulders as high as possible, pulling chin in towards chest. . . . **b.** Pull shoulders as far down as possible, and lift head as high as you can. . . . Do slowly 6–12 times.

4. HEAD AND SPINE ALIGNER. **a.** Standing, rest clasped hands on back of head. Pull head down, bringing elbows down and exerting pull on head. **b.** Slowly raise head and lift torso, making sure back is flat, and spread elbows as wide apart as possible. When completely erect, pull the back of head upward with clasped hands. Do not over-arch back. . . . This exercise should make you feel a decided lift through the ribs. Do slowly 6–12 times until you feel the lift.

BERRY BERENSON







Holding chin high, rotate it slowly from side to side, stretching neck. Keeping shoulders down, look as far up and over each shoulder as possible. . . . Do 6–12 times.

5. NECK-HEAD CONTROLLER. Sit cross-legged, press palms to floor just behind hips, shoulders down, back absolutely flat. Without allowing body to move at all, turn chin slowly over each shoulder, keeping neck stretched high. Do not let head tilt—you should feel as if it were on a pivot. . . . This exercise teaches control of entire neck-head posture.

6. DE-TIGHTENING STRETCH. Sit cross-legged, back held flat, palms on floor behind hips. First lift head high, then tilt it sideways as if listening to something just below the shoulder. Keep body still, shoulders down. . . . This Nexercise means to stretch the usually tight muscles at sides of neck.

7. PECTORAL STRETCH TO FREE SHOULDERS. Since you can't free the shoulders and neck if pectoral muscles are contracted, this will stretch them so as to allow shoulders to hang freely. **a.** Lower your head, and bring arms down till backs of hands touch. **b.** Slowly lift head and stretch arms up and back, fingers apart, palms facing back. . . . Do slowly 6–12 times.



7a



OUT, DAMNED SPOT!

ACNE: WHO GETS IT, AND WHY... HOW DOCTORS DEAL WITH IT NOW

What is acne? According to doctors at New York University Medical Center, which includes one of the largest skin-and-cancer clinics in the world, it is "the most common dermatosis"—i.e., skin disease—"seen in the offices of practising dermatologists." It's characterized by spots, blemishes, and eruptions of various kinds—doctors call them papules and comedones, teen-agers call them zits—on the face, primarily on the forehead, cheeks, and chin; the shoulders, back, and chest may also be involved. To the person who has it, it's misery. . . . There is, as yet, no absolute, one-step cure for acne. But there are many effective new ways of controlling it—"managing" it, as the doctors say. And research is proceeding vigorously along many fronts, more about these later on. . . .

Who gets it? Overwhelmingly, patients suffering from *acne vulgaris*—the common-or-garden variety acne referred to above—are young people between the age of puberty and the early twenties. Dermatologists believe that 80% of all girls, 90% of all boys are affected, at least intermittently, during this period, and some go on having trouble well into the twenties. Girls sometimes develop acne earlier, but often have it less severely. This is counterbalanced by the fact that girls are apparently more distressed by it than boys are. . . .

One of the cruellest things about acne is that its principal victims are adolescents whose self-esteem and emotional balance may be at their shakiest, anyway. This is why it's important for a young person to consult a dermatologist at the first sign of trouble. Much can be done to minimize and control the attacks as they occur, to prevent permanent scarring or pitting of the skin, and—perhaps most important—to avoid possible damage to the psyche.

Do adults get acne? Yes, but with them it's the exception, rather than the rule. . . . Severe stress, emotional upset, even a change of climate may cause a flare-up of acne after the twenties. Cortisone injections, or hefty doses of antibiotics—used to treat other illnesses—may cause acneiform eruptions in some patients. A certain percentage of women who take the birth-control pill find that it causes, or worsens, an acne condition. Yet, paradoxically, a larger number of women find that their skin improves. . . . More paradoxes: Cortisone, and cortisone-type drugs, are sometimes given to *help* acne sufferers. And low doses of some broad-spectrum antibiotics—notably tetracycline—are among the greatest helpers yet discovered for acne. "Tetracycline is now considered conservative," said Dr. Robert T. Binford, Jr., of New York Hospital Cornell University Medical College. "But pregnant patients should not receive it—it's deposited in the teeth and bones of the unborn child, causes discolourations. However, acne generally improves in pregnancy, anyway."

Who doesn't get acne? Only eunuchs, apparently, are completely immune. They lack androgen, the male hormone—normally present in both males and females—which triggers in the skin a complicated, turbulent chain of events that can lead to acne.

What "events" do lead to acne? At puberty, the skin's sebaceous glands, designed to send up small, measured amounts of oil to soften and protect the skin, become over-stimulated by all the hormonal hoopla going on in the body. They enlarge in size; they send up over-lavish, over-frequent supplies of sebum—a fresh supply every two or three hours—which has to get to the surface via a tiny canal that also contains a microscopic hair-shaft. A traffic problem develops. . . . End of Act I. Act II starts. In the walls of the canal lurk various bacteria. (Continued on page 146)

SPOTLESS YOUNG SKIN... FRESH, CLEAR, NATURAL

What does a young skin need? Some of the time, it may need a little skilled guidance from a dermatologist (see article at right). All the time, it needs frequent, vigorous scrubbing, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, enough rest, a sensible diet, and freedom—if possible—from emotional storms. . . . What goes on it should be pure, un-oily, un-clogging—the opposite of heavy or masque-like. Coming in right on cue, here: Revlon's Natural Wonder preparations—light, fresh, geared to young skin; many contain the same ingredients (mild astringents, antiseptics, drying agents) that doctors often prescribe to help it stay clear and untroubled. . . . The young beauty at left—possessor of a summer-tanned, normal-to-oily skin—wears Revlon's Natural Wonder Oil-Free Makeup in Soft Beige; Blotting Blusher in Amber Glow; a clear streak of Ice Chrome lipstick in Gypsy Roseleaf.

ORANGE HAIR . . . NOT NATURAL, BUT NICE:

What lifts young spirits, right now—a kicksy coloured wig of silky Dynel, bright, blowy, outasight. . . . This one happens to be orange, but would you believe purple, green, blue? (Marisa Berenson pounced on purple, clapped it on, went out in tearing spirits.) All by Halston for Abbott Tresses. Paisley-print shirt, laced up in front, with long leg-o'-mutton sleeves. By Sarff-Zumpano, of Dacron and cotton. About $32. At Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's, Michigan. Choker: Sinon for Odyssey. Necklace by Capri.

BERT STERN







Colour at full cry in Mr. and Mrs. Steven Jacobson's N.Y. apartment

For young Steven and Lynn Jacobson, *above*, and their friend and decorator, Richard Ohrbach, the Jacobsons' New York apartment is a creative playground, a continuing experiment in the slam-bang use of colour and of plastics. Because the Jacobsons have as much care as dare, the results are a blazing success. Steven, an investment banker with humour, dash, and no side, and Lynn, a capable, all-out charmer, plan for their first child a nursery in full colour, the entire ceiling a mobile. In the living room, *both pages*, an immense transparent graphic by Richard Ohrbach covers the window wall, rugs made in France and Greece continue the geometries. A painting by Ferro hangs over the glass-and-steel fireplace. Brashly striped canvas covers a Louis XV chair. Flowers, arranged by Mrs. Jacobson, are spotlit all around as is the outburst of art. In one corner of the room, *right*, paintings by (left to right) Dennis Hawkins, Capdenille, Ellsworth Kelly, and Agostino Bonalumi surround a fluorescent plastic rainbow by Richard Ohrbach.





Colour at full cry

Above: "An extraordinarily glamorous and flattering red," the dining room, at first glance calm, almost stately, is a whiz of invention: tables raise and lower; wall banquettes become dinner seating; colour changes at whim with light filters; and a plastic sculpture flashes on and off. Large painting, by Edward Moore; near it, a vase of quince. In the foreground, a stainless-steel construction by Ralph Trapis.

Opposite, above: In the white breakfast room with its bold diagonal stripes, a large painting by Peter Mitchel and, in the window, a mobile construction of steel, glass, plastic, and mirror by Richard Ohrbach.



"The Jacobsons are really young kids; this is an apartment for really young kids. Everything sparkles. There are so many toys around, so many gadgets. The Jacobsons love the strength of colour, but the colour is so *open* it doesn't shake you," said Richard Ohrbach. "It's a happy place."

Across the bottom of these pages, from left to right: A corner of the living room, with paintings by Tom Lee (left) and Vasarely and a whiskey urn filled with bright jelly beans. Mrs. Jacobson in her living room; a table of crystal objects, an iced gleam against the romp of colour. Mrs. Jacobson's clustered Victorian and Edwardian silver. Richard Ohrbach's Lucite sculpture "Chain Link"; his window graphic visible beyond.



Colour at full cry

Left: "Almost unreal," the Jacobsons' bathroom is a deliberate fantasy in Lynn's favourite pink: "Like looking through rose-coloured glasses." In the dressing room (foreground) a Lucite dressing table stands on transparent pink columns shimmering with mobiles of miniature lights. Light pours from astonishing sources, even graphics on the walls. In the bathroom with its shining plastic mural (background) the tub is sunk in a platform—for drying, exercising, lolling—cushioned in pink patent leather and heaped with pillows.

Above and right: "We didn't want to duplicate colour," Richard Ohrbach said. "Diversification of background seemed important." So—across from their pink bathroom is the Jacobsons' green bedroom. Walled in basket-work-patterned vinyl, it seems almost austere—if tuned-up, turned-on colour can ever be austere. Doors lined with rampant jungle print counter the geometric collage by Richard Ohrbach floating between layers of clear plastic, *above*. At the windows, *below*, are vivid free-hanging panels of graphics. The pink-covered bed, fraught with cushions, stands on a raised platform in an alcove. Over it, a painting by Peter Mitchel. This deliberately enclosed apartment, its windows all covered, with no outside noise or view, gives "a fabulous, self-contained environment, a protected, private world."



HORST

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Stephen Burrows is in Pepperland

He must be—look at the way he understands colour—the way he puts together all the happy palette of the rainbow—hue-ing it and shaping it into totally contemporary clothes . . . what a wonderful designer Stephen Burrows is. . . .

1. A group of Stephen's friends wearing Pepperland coloured jersey clothes from the new Burrows collection for Bendel's Studio. . . . **2.** Bonnie in a wrap mididress made of stitched-together blocks of dreamy land-coloured matte jersey, $175. . . .







3. Deanna wears Stephen's widish-cut trousers of flame-stitched wool jersey, $50; a wrap top of flame-red matte jersey, $44. . . . Lois's gaucho pants, $50; her striped sailor-collar maillot, $35. . . . **4.** Close up of Lois—a rainbow of colour on the green grass. . . . Stephen Burrows clothes are in his new boutique, at Henri Bendel.











5 and **6.** Pat's hooded, long-sleeved, skin-fit mididress, appliquéd in bands and circles of colour, $104. Over it, she wears Stephen's multicoloured leather harness weskit, $50. Bobby's tight-to-the-body tunic, $78; jersey pants, $38. . . .

7 and **8.** Patricia's wrap top—a mélange of happy colours of jersey, suède, leather, $110; her curved-in-front skirt with circles of appliquéd buckskin, $90. Hector's T-shirt of blocks, stripes of colour, $64. . . . Bonnie in the background. . . .

9. Close-up of Deanna in her flame-stitched wool jersey pants, $50; scarlet matte jersey sexy top, $14. . . .

10. On Bobby, a great wool knit T-shirt, outbursts of colour appliquéd on black. . . . All clothes on these pages designed by Stephen Burrows for Bendel's Studio. Third floor. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St. . . .

More on next page



CHARLES TRACY

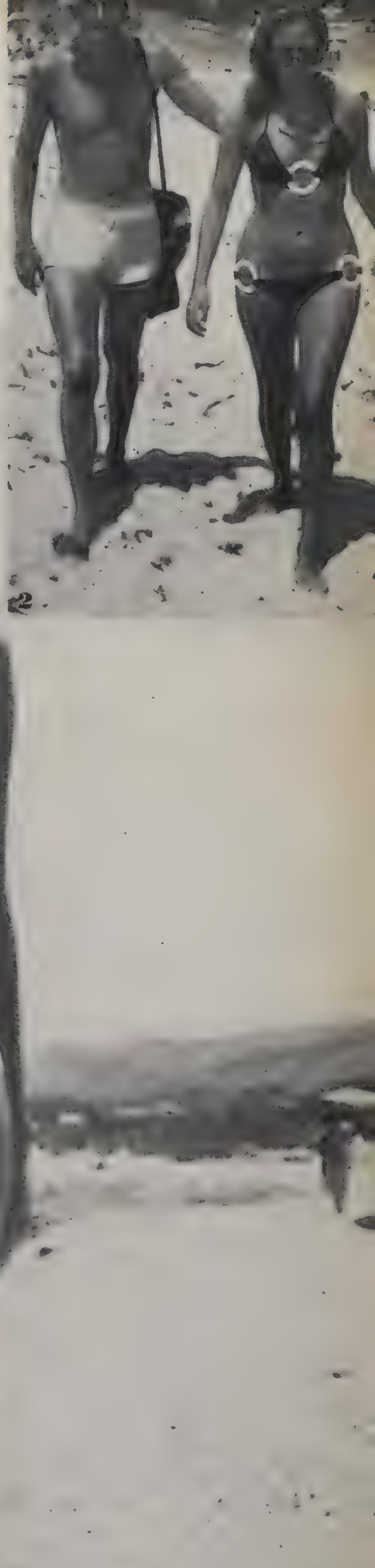
The way boutique people are looking for Autumn 1970...

Natural Dressing to feel free, easy, comfortable, practical—like ourselves. . . . Or, put together in the mildest or wildest of fantasies —having fun with fashion . . . letting how we look give the joy, kick, lift to our lives. . . .

Everybody's getting a haircut. Not short, just sort of long-short, all layered, shorter on top, long and longer in back, descending down the neck, maybe onto the shoulders. . . . And letting the hair be ***natural***—if it's curly, it is; if it's straight as a rope, it is. Even girls who've spent eons growing it long are getting their hair chopped in this natural cut. ***Kenneth*** is cutting customer's hairpieces as well, in variations of this natural look—pieces that help fill out their own heads of hair . . . Kenneth considers this "funky" cut the best-looking head hair for longer hemlines because "it's small but not a pinhead." . . . Two of the places that are great for the natural hair shape—***Paul McGregor*** at 15 St. Marks Place, filled all the time with men, women, music, racy talk—and Paul is a superb cutter—cuts Jane Fonda's, Julie Christie's, Warren Beatty's. . . . ***Antenna Enterprises, Inc.,*** 333 Park Avenue South is run by Johanna and Jason. It's got wood all over the walls, plants all over the place, a fish tank, four cats and a dog, Navajo jewellery and rugs, a boutique with good belts, excellent Moroccan clothes—and it's always filled with men, women —and sometimes the children of the people who go there —including some of the best of the modern artists (though we don't boot that about too much). Like Paul McGregor, Johanna and Jason specialize in cutting, washing, and hand drying. They use only protein shampoo. . . . It's a very together place. . . . ***Skirt lengths?*** Most boutique people have been wearing them long for some time. What looks right now is longer than that—somewhere between lower calf and anklebone. Interesting, every ***Saint Laurent Rive Gauche*** hemline is way down there, this time around. . . . On the other hand you may wake up some moment and want to wear the ***shortest skirt you can get away with*** —that's fabulous, too. It's just feeling, being ***natural*** that matters. . . . The "luxurious hippie" accessories are some women's answer to looking with it without being all the way there. . . . A shoulderbag of beautiful suède with seed bead work appliqués and a couple of glorious tassels . . . some of ***Cliff Nicholson's*** extraordinary leather, feather, shell chokers. . . . Or leather cuff bracelets. . . . Or authentic bead necklaces from Africa. . . . Or ***Stephen Burrows's*** huge leather shoulder satchel fringed and decorated with flying feathers—all of these found at Bendel's—make the look without succumbing to the longer skirt. . . . TO BE CONTINUED IN AUGUST 15 BOUTIQUE. . . .

Riviera: It's *the* bikini of the season—four snips of fabric held together with three big rings. Here, two versions. **1.** *Eliane de Chavagnac* in chamois velours, white rings. **2.** Unknown beauty in navy blue with white rings. . . .





JACK NISBERG

EMMY LOU KELLY

Marisa's moods . . .

What a delight, Marisa Berenson . . . she dresses as the mood strikes. . . . **3.** A city look—Burgundy slouch from Herbert Brown in London, buckled scarf, frilled shirt, leather weskit. . . . **4.** In southern sun, bare feet, floppy hat, white cotton dress over a whoof of petticoats. Peau d'Arc, St. Tropez. . . . **5.** N.Y.C. street scene: head scarf, white ankle-length dress from Gavroche, Saint Laurent twill jacket, Ossie Clark snakeskin weskit, red Halston sandals. . . . **6.** Lunch in St. Tropez—big hat, belted navy T *just* covering bikini, strapped sandals.

BERRY BERENSON

JOEL SCHUMACHER

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

From India...





1. Bibi's nightie is one of those delicious cotton things that seem to come only from India—hand-printed purple designs on lilac batiste, ruffled about the V bosom. About $16. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street, New York. . . .

3. Indian patterns. . . . On Bibi, seated in the pillows, tiered skirt, smocked shirt of cotton. $90. On Deanna—smocked midriff-clearing shirt, midi skirt. $55. Both Abracadabra, 243 East 60th Street, New York. . . .

2. Deanna feels dramatic—who wouldn't in such a lovely floaty swoop of a poncho?—hike it up with a sash to whatever hemlines you feel like. $80. Abracadabra, 243 East 60th St. . . .



4. Bibi's emphasizing how much she loves her hand-printed caramel-and-white silk shirt which, like all the made-in-India clothes on this page, was designed by Zaar. $50. Henri Bendel. Photographed in Angelo Donghia's house. . . .

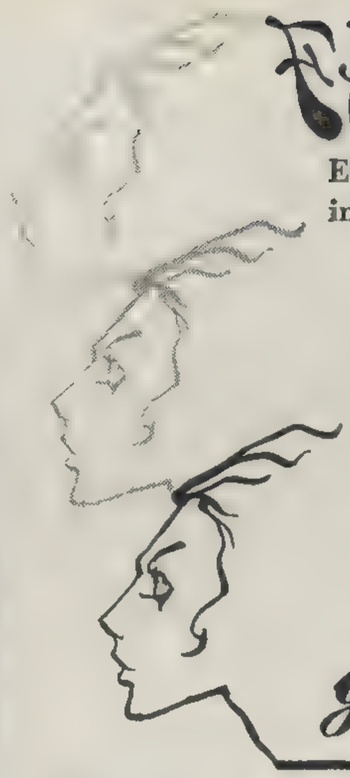
BERRY BERENSON

GUSSIE MORAN
AND A CHAMP OF A TENNIS DRESS



SHIDROUSKY

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UP IS BETTER

(Continued from page 54)

There is a lesson for all of us in machine guns and tanks: Work within the system.

How pessimistic am I, really? I was a teacher at the University of Iowa three years ago. I had hundreds of students. As nearly as I am able to determine, not one of my ex-students has seen fit to reproduce. The only other demonstration of such a widespread disinclination to reproduce took place in Tasmania in about 1800. Native Tasmanians gave up on babies and the love thing and all that when white colonists, who were criminals from England, hunted them for sport.

I used to be an optimist. This was during my boyhood in Indianapolis. Those of you who have seen Indianapolis will understand that it was no easy thing to be an optimist there. It was the 500-mile Speedway Race, and then 364 days of miniature golf, and then the 500-mile Speedway Race again.

My brother Bernard, who was nine years older, was on his way to becoming an important scientist. He would later discover that silver iodide particles could precipitate certain kinds of clouds as snow or rain. He made me very enthusiastic about science for a while. I thought scientists were going to find out exactly how everything worked, and then make it work better. I fully expected that by the time I was twenty-one, some scientist, maybe my brother, would have taken a colour photograph of God Almighty—and sold it to *Popular Mechanics* magazine.

Scientific truth was going to make us *so* happy and comfortable.

What actually happened when I was twenty-one was that we dropped scientific truth on Hiroshima. We killed everybody there. And I had just come home from being a prisoner of war in Dresden, which I'd seen burned to the ground. And the world was just then learning how ghastly the German extermination camps had been. So I had a heart-to-heart talk with myself.

"Hey, Corporal Vonnegut," I said to myself, "maybe you were wrong to be an optimist. Maybe pessimism is the thing."

I have been a consistent pessimist ever since, with a few exceptions. In order to persuade my wife to marry me, of course, I had to promise her that the future would be heavenly. And then I had to lie about the future again every time I thought she should have a baby. And then I had to lie to her again every time she threatened to leave me because I was too pessimistic.

I saved our marriage many times by exclaiming, "Wait! Wait! I see light at the end of the tunnel at last!" And I wish I could bring light to *your* tunnels today. My wife begged me to bring you light, but there *is* no light. Everything is going to become unimaginably worse, and never get better again. If I lied to you about that, you would sense that I'd lied to you, and that would be another cause for gloom. We have enough causes for gloom.

I should like to give a motto to your class, a motto to your entire generation. It comes from my favourite Shakespearian play, which is *King Henry VI, Part Three.* In the first scene of Act Two, you will remember, Edward, Earl of March, who will later become King Edward IV, enters with Richard, who will later become Duke of Gloucester. They are the Duke of York's sons. They arrive at the head of their troops on a plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire and immediately receive news that their father has had his head cut off. Richard says this, among other things, and this is the motto I give you: "To weep is to make less the depth of grief."

Again: "To weep is to make less the depth of grief."

It is from this same play, which has been such a comfort to me, that we find the line, "The smallest worm will turn being trodden on." I don't have to tell you that the line is spoken by Lord Clifford in Scene One of Act Two. This is meant to be optimistic, I think, but I have to tell you that a worm can be stepped on in such a way that it can't possibly turn after you remove your foot.

I have performed this experiment for my children countless times. They are grownups now. They can step on worms now with no help from their Daddy. But let us pretend for a moment that worms can turn, do turn. And let us ask ourselves, "What would be a good, new direction for the worm of civilization to take?"

Well—it should go upwards, if possible. Up is certainly better than down, or is widely believed to be. And we would be a lot safer if the Government would take its money out of science and put it into astrology and the reading of palms. I used to think that science would save us, and science certainly tried. But we can't stand any more tremendous explosions, either for or against democracy. Only in superstition is there hope. If you want to become a friend of civilization, then become an enemy of truth and a fanatic for harmless balderdash.

I know that millions of dollars have been spent to produce this splendid graduating class, and that the main hope of your teachers was, once they got through with you, that you would no longer be superstitious. I'm sorry—I have to undo that now. I beg you to believe in the most ridiculous superstition of all: That humanity is at the centre of the universe, the fulfiller or the frustrator of the grandest dreams of God Almighty.

If you can believe that, and make others believe it, then there might be hope for us. Human beings might stop treating each other like garbage, might begin to treasure and protect each other instead. Then it might be all right to have babies again.

Many of you will have babies anyway, if you're anything like me. To quote the poet Schiller: "Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain."

About astrology and palmistry: They are good because they make people feel vivid and full of possibilities. They are communism at its best. Everybody has a birthday and almost everybody has a palm.

Take a seemingly drab person born on August 3, for instance. He's a Leo. He is proud, generous, trusting, energetic, domineering, and authoritative! All Leos are! He is ruled by the Sun! His gems are the ruby and the diamond! His colour is orange! His metal is gold! This is a nobody?

His harmonious signs for business, marriage, or companionship are Sagittarius and Aries. Anybody here a Sagittarius or an Aries? Watch out! Here comes destiny!

Is this lonely-looking human being really alone? Far from it! He shares the sign of Leo with T.E. Lawrence, Herbert Hoover, Alfred Hitchcock, Dorothy Parker, Jacqueline Onassis, Henry Ford, Princess Margaret, and George Bernard Shaw! You've heard of *them.*

Look at him blush with happiness! Ask him to show you his amazing palms. What a fantastic heart line he has! Be on your guard, girls. Have you ever seen a Hill of the Moon like his? Wow! This is some human being!

Which brings us to the arts, whose purpose, in common with astrology, is to use frauds in order to make human beings seem more wonderful than they really are. Dancers show us human beings who move much more gracefully than human beings really move. Films and books and plays show us people talking much more entertainingly than people really talk, make paltry human enterprises seem important. Singers and musicians show us human beings making sounds far more lovely than human beings really make. Architects give us temples in which something marvellous is obviously going on. Actually, practically nothing is going on inside. And on and on.

The arts put man at the centre of the universe, whether he belongs there or not. Military science, on the other hand, treats man as garbage—and his children, and his cities, too. Military

science is probably right about the contemptibility of man in the vastness of the universe. Still—I deny that contemptibility, and I beg you to deny it, through the creation of appreciation of art.

A friend of mine, who is also a critic, decided to do a paper on things I'd written. He reread all my stuff, which took him about two hours and fifteen minutes, and he was exasperated when he got through. "You know what you do?" he said. "No," I said, "What do I do?" And he said, "You put bitter coatings on very sweet pills."

I would like to do that now, to have the bitterness of my pessimism melt away, leaving you with mouthfuls of a sort of vanilla fudge goo. But I find it harder and harder to prepare confections of this sort—particularly since our military scientists have taken to firing at crowds of their own people. Also—I took a trip to Biafra last January, which was a million laughs. And this hideous war in Indochina goes on and on.

Still—I will give you what goo I have left.

It has been said many times that man's knowledge of himself has been left far behind by his understanding of technology, and that we can have peace and plenty and justice only when man's knowledge of himself catches up. This is not true. Some people hope for great discoveries in the social sciences, social equivalents of $F = ma$ and $E = mc^2$, and so on. Others think we have to evolve, to become better monkeys with bigger brains. We don't need more information. We don't need bigger brains. All that is required is that we become less selfish than we are.

We already have plenty of sound suggestions as to how we are to act if things are to become better on earth. For instance: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. About seven hundred years ago, Thomas Aquinas had some other recommendations as to what people might do with their lives, and I do not find these made ridiculous by computers and trips to the moon and television sets. He praises the Seven Spiritual Works of Mercy, which are these:

To teach the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to console the sad, to reprove the sinner, to forgive the offender, to bear with the oppressive and troublesome, and to pray for us all.

He also admires the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy, which are these:

To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to visit the sick and prisoners, to ransom captives, and to bury the dead.

A great swindle of our time is the assumption that science has made religion obsolete. All science has damaged is the story of Adam and Eve and the story of Jonah and the Whale. Everything else holds up pretty well, particularly the lessons about fairness and gentleness. People who find those lessons irrelevant in the twentieth century are simply using science as an excuse for greed and harshness.

Science has nothing to do with it, friends.

Another great swindle is that people your age are supposed to save the world. I was a graduation speaker at a little preparatory school for girls on Cape Cod, where I live. I told the girls that they were much too young to save the world and that, after they got their diplomas, they should go swimming and sailing and walking, and just fool around.

I often hear parents say to their idealistic children, "All right, you see so much that is wrong with the world—go out and *do* something about it. We're all for you! Go out and *save* the world."

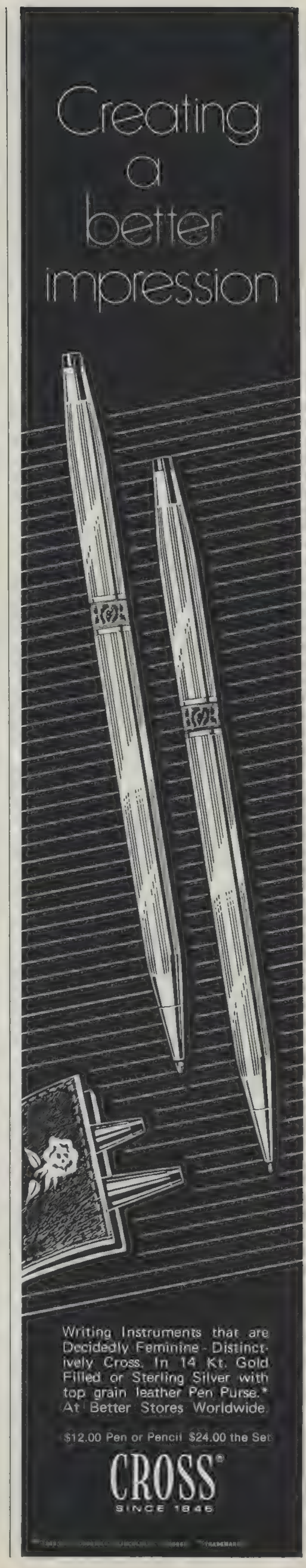
You are four years older than those prep-school girls but still very young. You, too, have been swindled, if people have persuaded you that it is now up to you to save the world. It isn't up to you. You don't have the money and the power. You don't look like grave, wise maturity—even though you may be grave, wise maturity. You don't even know how to handle dynamite. It is up to older people to save the world. You can help them.

Do not take the entire world on your shoulders. Do a certain amount of skylarking, as befits people your age. "Skylarking," incidentally, used to be a minor offense under Naval Regulations. What a charming crime. It means intolerable lack of seriousness. I would love to have had a dishonourable discharge from the United States Navy—for skylarking not just once, but again and again and again.

Many of you will undertake exceedingly serious work this summer—campaigning for humane Senators and Congressmen, helping the poor and the ignorant and the awfully old. Good. But skylark, too.

When it really *is* time for you to save the world, when you have some power and know your way around, when people can't mock you for looking so young, I suggest that you work for a socialist form of government. Free Enterprise is much too hard on the old and the sick and the shy and the poor and the stupid, and on people nobody likes. They just can't cut the mustard under Free Enterprise. They lack that certain something that Nelson Rockefeller, for instance, so abundantly has.

So let's divide up the wealth more fairly than we have divided it up so far. Let's make sure that everybody has enough to eat, and a decent place to live, and medical help when he needs it. Let's stop spending money on weapons, which don't work anyway, thank God, and spend money on each other. It isn't moonbeams to talk of modest plenty for all. They have it in Sweden. We can have it here. Dwight David Eisenhower once pointed out that Sweden, with its many Utopian programs had a high rate of alcoholism and suicide and youthful unrest. Even so, I would like to see America try socialism. If we start drinking heavily and killing ourselves, and if our children start acting crazy, we can go back to good old Free Enterprise again.





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OUT, DAMNED SPOT!

(Continued from page 131)

Vitamin A acid, when it's available, may help some acne patients dramatically.

The bacteria produces certain enzymes which act on the sebum, or oil, to break it down into intensely irritating acids—so irritating that the walls of the follicular canal start to thicken and slough off.

Now, we're really in trouble. The bits of thickened wall combine with the ever-flowing oil to form a waxy plug in the sebaceous orifice—the opening of the canal onto the skin's surface. This plug is called a comedo. If it is closed at the top and not exposed to the air, it's a whitehead. If it's open at the top, the contents become oxidized and turn black; this is known (sob) as a blackhead. But the blackness has nothing to do with dirt, if that's any comfort.

Act III is a real tear-jerker. The oil, still pumping into the follicular canal, is effectually bottled in at the top; it can't escape, because the orifice is plugged. The walls of the duct begin to break down, allowing oils and some fatty acids to leak into the surrounding tissue, which then becomes irritated, inflamed. Result: a papule, or pimple.

There is an Act IV to this depressing drama, though many people, luckily, never get that far. In this one, the white blood cells—the body's defense mechanisms—rush in with clubs swinging, trying to subdue the inflammation. Their efforts are well-meaning, but disastrous; the only result is that pus forms. The papule then becomes a pustule—or worse still, a cyst.

"We just don't know why people react so differently," said Dr. Alan R. Shalita, of New York University Medical Center. But, at N.Y.U. and other great medical centres around the country, whole teams of researchers are trying to find out. Dr. Binford said, "Why some people get it so much worse than others is not known. There are many, many clinical types—they range from oiliness with a few comedones to devastating cystic acne where we have to put people in the hospital. . . . We can suppress the disease, but the treatment has to be tailor-made for each individual."

Is acne contagious—can you catch it from other people? No. It's the interaction of one's own hormones, sebaceous glands, bacteria, et al.—not anyone else's—that causes the trouble.

Is dirt a factor? No—contrary to what most people think, it isn't, really. The frequent, three-or-four times a day scrubbing of the face with medicated or drying soap that's recommended for most acne patients is chiefly designed to remove the film of oil that keeps spreading over the surface; to reduce the bacterial population of the skin; to loosen and open comedones, and to produce a drying-and-peeling effect—not to remove dirt that has settled on it from the outside. (Though, of course, that will be washed off, too.) Think how dirty children's faces get, yet they have never a blackhead—until the puberty onset.

What about diet? This used to be considered a great villain in the whole acne drama, but now its rôle is played down by most dermatologists. Fatty foods, sweets, nuts, cheese, shellfish—any or all of these *may* aggravate skin troubles in some people, but they have no effect at all on others. "There is no evidence that diet plays a significant rôle in the general population of acne patients," said Dr. Shalita. Even chocolate—once regarded as the arch-fiend—is probably a perfectly O.K. thing for most young people to eat, if they happen to like it. A year or so ago, Dr. Albert M. Kligman and associates at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine conducted a fascinating experiment with a sizeable group of adolescents and young adults (all with "mild to moderate" acne), of whom half consumed several enriched chocolate bars daily over a period of months; the other half were fed "control bars" that looked and tasted exactly the same, but contained no chocolate at all. And none of the subjects, of course, had any idea which was which. . . . "The key finding in this study," said the report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, came down to this: "Ingestion of high amounts of chocolate did not materially affect the course of acne vulgaris or the output or composition of sebum." (Most fascinating of all was the fact that slightly more of the real-chocolate eaters actually showed a slight *improvement.*) . . . "If peanuts or chocolate or something else has an adverse effect, patients report that they'll know within twenty-four hours," said Dr. Binford. "If there's no difference, then why restrict it? You simply tell the patients it's in their hands and to note those foods which some people believe cause trouble."

Does nervous tension affect acne adversely? Yes, often. "Many skin diseases will flare under situations of stress," Dr. Binford said. "It's particularly bad when it's combined with not getting enough rest"—when a student is facing exams, or trying to finish a paper against a deadline. But any emotional upset or strain—a divorce in the family, for example—may cause a teen-ager's acne condition to get markedly worse for a time.

Does sunlight help? Yes—probably because of its drying-and-peeling effect. There's generally so much improvement in

"We don't know if it's the sunlight that improves acne—or the rest and recreation."

acne over the summer months that doctors often suspend treatment with antibiotics during that period, and count on sunlight to do part of the job. Yet acne is far from unknown in hot, sunny climates. . . . "There is an acne clinic at the University of Miami," said Dr. Shalita, "and it has many patients." Asked why, then, acne traditionally improves in the summer, he said, "We don't know if it's the sunlight or the rest and recreation."

What would a dermatologist prescribe for a typical acne patient now? We can't, of course, answer this question precisely, nor should we even try. . . . For one thing, there is no "typical" acne patient. No two cases of acne are exactly alike; no two patients respond in exactly the same way to the same medication or procedure. No one but a doctor can prescribe anything for anybody, and no reputable doctor will prescribe anything for a patient he hasn't seen. . . . However, we can give a vague general outline. For a girl aged fifteen to seventeen with "mild papular acne" (oiliness, comedones, a few pimples), the doctor might prescribe something like this: Tetracycline—a sturdier dose to start with, dropping to a very low "maintenance" dose. Frequent and thorough washing with medicated soap. One or more antiseptic, drying-and-peeling lotions (one to use in the daytime, one at night). Therapeutic shampoos, if the hair is also extremely oily. Periodic visits to the dermatologist for removal of comedones, incision and drainage of infected areas (this prevents scarring and promotes faster healing of these eruptions). "You take a more vigorous approach early, till you get it under control," Dr. Binford said. "After that, there must be a maintenance program. A lot of the success depends on patient co-operation—but there's a limit to how much they can do. You have to be realistic." . . . Most of the soaps and lotions made specifically to deal with acne conditions contain different combinations of certain tried-and-true ingredients: sulphur and resorcinol, alcohol, salicylic acid (a de-keratinizer, or peeler), benzoyl peroxide, hexachlorophene. The dermatologist decides which one to prescribe on the basis of which ingredients are most needed in that particular case. . . . Many of the same helpers are now turning up in medicated preparations geared to young women with "troubled" (or potentially troubled) skins. These products often include medicated soaps, scrubs, astringent cleansers, drying lotions to use at night—and, sometimes the most helpful of all, medicated cover-ups to conceal those damned spots, at times when it's important to look well.

What are some of the newer, more dramatic forms of treatment? Estrogens are known to help some acne sufferers, because they decrease the activity of the sebaceous glands. However, they're used only with extreme caution, and only on women with severe and resistant forms of acne that will not yield to other forms of treatment. "It's sort of a last resort," Dr. Shalita said. Estrogens can't be used on boys at all, because of their feminizing side-effects. . . . Cortisone is another helper that is sometimes used in extreme cases. "We might give cortisone internally to help a girl over a crisis—her own wedding, for example," Dr. Binford said. "But no one would recommend a long-term treatment with cortisone, because of the various undesirable side-effects."

What lies ahead? Still in the clinical testing stage is Vitamin A acid, which may promise exciting help to certain kinds of acne patients: probably, younger patients whose problem is mainly comedones—heavy plugging of the sebaceous orifices. Intensely irritating when first applied to the skin, Vitamin A acid then seems to cause an extraordinary clearing and loosening-up of the impacted mass of cells inside the canal; comedones, even latent ones, seem literally to "boil up" to the surface, where they can simply be wiped away. Vitamin A acid is not available now, and probably won't be for at least a year; even then, it won't be everybody's dish. But it may help some patients dramatically. . . .

Beyond that, research is proceeding along many lines, untiringly. "Overseeing" the total effort is the National Acne Association, of which Dr. Shalita is Secretary. This is a group of dermatologists and Ph.D.'s involved in acne-related research. In the laboratories at N.Y.U., research dermatologists are studying lipogenesis—how the gland makes oil, and what can be done to block it. They measure the ingredients of sebum, study its different components and their effects on the skin's surface. They isolate enzymes from bacteria, to see if they can inhibit them. They maintain elaborate records on clinic patients. Is heredity a factor in acne? Is the patient's colouring a factor? . . . "What we're looking for is a topical anti-androgen," said Dr. Shalita; "something you could put on the skin's surface to block action of the male hormone at the oil gland and thus reduce oil production with the least amount of possible side effects."

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"HE SPOKE TO ME. HE WON'T DO THAT AGAIN"

Notes on talented extravagances among the British

BY QUENTIN CREWE

The British are noted for their moderation, but, as with the Greeks, it is "Moderation in all things; especially in moderation." When we take to extremes, they are extremes. We have those who carry on as though we still lived in Victorian times. Lord Sefton, the racing peer, is said to have taken on a new manservant recently. He announced this in White's Club. Other members, knowing his ways, asked Lord Sefton how the man was doing. "It was only his first day today," said Lord Sefton. "I think he'll do all right. He only made one mistake." "What was that?" they asked. "He spoke to me. He won't do that again." Sir Mark Palmer, a twenty-eight-year-old baronet, has renounced all comforts and tours Britain in a horse-drawn caravan, camping with the gypsies and breeding horses. So convincing is his way of life that the gypsies, when asked if they still have horse-drawn vans, cite Sir Mark as a true Romany.

We are probably at our best in retrospective eccentricity and extremism, as witness the burgeoning of a society called The Sealed Knot, which, in two years, has achieved a membership of about eleven hundred people. This society was formed simply in order to refight the battles of our civil war between Charles I and Oliver Cromwell.

The Captain-Generall is a florid, moustachioed figure, called Brigadier Peter Young, who, in his time, fought at Dunkirk, was a Commando, and served in the Arab Legion. Last year he turned out seven hundred people to re-enact the Battle of Marston Moor.

"A good battle, including bangs and horses, can cost $1,270," he told me. Every man is expected to equip himself in costume. "Cavalier boots, $20. Hat, $3. Material for doublet and breeches —wives can sew them—$7. A cloak you can make out of a policeman's cape, $3. A sword, $25; and a baldric, $3.50." And who would be without a baldric?

The subscription is small and even girls can join. What rôle they play depends a bit on their shape. "Often they are soldiers. We had one who was a witch last year, but I think she will change her mind this year as she ended up in the stocks. We needed a Whore of Hull and we found one."

Cavaliers are far easier to recruit than Roundheads, as the British do not make eager Puritans. The Captain-Generall is undaunted by such difficulties, running his private army in ruthless style. "There's no damn democracy," he said brightly. "I decide everyone's rank. I tell them not to look to me to feed them. If they starve in England in summer, they are no good as soldiers. And I put them in the stocks for scandalous behaviour. I didn't realize how frightened people were of the stocks. They work wonders."

In reality, Brigadier Young is a delightful character, and I am to join in this year's battle at Banbury, going in a sedan chair, which I thought suitable, as an observing prelate.

The threatened cricket matches with South Africa naturally brought out our extremism in talented extravagances. A man in Wales bred fifty thousand locusts with the idea of releasing them at Lord's cricket ground to devour the grass, while another gathered quantities of moles which, in his nature-loving way, he declared would be alarmed by the crowds and would therefore nervously burrow their way to the centre of the pitch, and there raise ball-deflecting mounds. All this came to naught when the Cricket Council, after persuasion by the government, withdrew their invitation to the South African team. In revenge, a cricketing lawyer plans to sue Peter Hain, who mounted the campaign against the South Africans, for sedition and treason. It is a wonder he has not suggested the stocks or hanging, drawing and quartering.

All our extremism is not devoted to tradition. Edward Goldsmith, whose brother James once touched the romantic hearts of the world by eloping with a Patiño heiress, has founded a new magazine called *The Ecologist.*

He chilled the nation by drawing a verbal picture of life in Britain and, come to that, the world in thirty years' time. Goldsmith rattles off statistics at a machine-gun rate. We have fifty million gallons of rain a year. We now use twenty-five million. In the year 2000 we will use seventy million. One result is that London is sinking as we use up the water under it. There will be no edible fish. There is an epidemic of impotence among farm labourers caused by pesticides. All this and a great deal more, Goldsmith produced with shrieks of laughter at the folly of human beings, for there is no one with a greater sense of humour.

I only hope that his predictions will prove as ill founded as some of his own enterprises. I remember his producing a prototype brick some years ago. "An object," he said, "of incredible durability." Any building made with this brick would last ten thousand years. You could strike it with an axe, beat it with a steam hammer, nothing could chip or dent it. He submitted it to those who pass building materials as safe. "Apparently bricks have to have a coefficient of expansion no greater than point-oh-eight," he said to me. "My brick, far from being point anything, had a coefficient of expansion of five. Any building, made with my brick, that was 100 yards long in the morning would, on a hot day, have been 105 yards long by evening." Gales of laughter from Goldsmith, who, being used to it, enjoys total disaster.

Jonathan Miller's production of *The Merchant of Venice,* with Sir Laurence Olivier as Shylock, was extreme in that it created an entirely new balance for the play. Instead of juggling the usual three incompatible ingredients of sentiment, humour, and serious intent, Miller, by setting the play in the nineteenth century and making fun of the sentiment, reduced the ingredients to only two —thereby making the serious intent even more incongruous. One really cared very little what happened. Sir Laurence gave a shattering performance rather reminiscent of those metal plates that, when dropped out of sight, sound like a whole dinner service being broken. One experienced all the shock of the real thing and then found nothing had happened. Joan Plowright played Portia rather like a colonel in the woman's army, hardly an image to fire a Venetian blade. Yet, it was a worthwhile experiment.

The one thing, naturally, that no extremism was permitted to mar was our election. Iain Macleod, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, called Harold Wilson "a swine," but people found that so dated an insult as to be comic. The Labour Party produced, as if in confirmation, some plastic caricature dummies of the Tory leaders, which they photographed and captioned "Yesterday's Men." This fearful insult made little impact, because most people thought the dummies rather sweet and cuddly. The Tories won and now Edward Heath is the new Prime Minister.

PAOLO SOLERI

(Continued from page 97)

that is causing so much concern today before you write off Paolo Soleri, visionary extraordinary, philosopher, artist, architect, and seeker of 'plumbing systems for cities.' . . . His remarkable hundred-foot-long scrolls of 'urban continuums' are some of the most spectacularly sensitive and superbly visionary drawings that any century has known."

Paolo Soleri, working with roughly one hundred students and twelve apprentices in the desert near Scottsdale, Arizona, supports himself mainly by selling small ceramic and cast-bronze bells. He has received only one foundation grant and no support from industry. He teaches by example rather than by an academic method, and his students learn a great deal about architecture from actually building their own richly varied living and working spaces. These are created simply by casting mounds of shaped earth in concrete. His wife, Colly, shares his vision and quietly assumes many of his worries, leaving him free to continue his new work—his next project is Arcosanti, part of a continuing experiment in building a significant human environment, which is projected for an eight-hundred-acre mesa north of Phoenix. Soleri's critical aesthetic intelligence, his compassion, and his incredible ability to keep steadily working in the face of all odds are the characteristics that sustain him, making it possible for him to continue his work in spite of severe economic limitations.

Soleri has a strong memory of climbing the Alps as a child with his father. The experience not only gave him an insight into nature's power but also provided him with his first three-dimensional understanding of scale and of verticality. As a classroom assignment at the age of eight, Soleri copied his first buildings from photographs. He studied at the Accademia Albertina and later at the Polytechnic of Torino where he received his doctorate in architecture in 1946 with highest honours. As a student, he was not freely creative in his work, but he was unorthodox in his life-style: He fashioned his clothes in such a way that only one button held them together. He looked more like a hippie than a serious student of architecture, and he spent much of his free time alone, exploring the city and its surroundings on his bicycle. In 1947, he left Italy for the United States to study with Frank Lloyd Wright, learning much about architecture from the American master, but he soon began to find his own way. He created his first independent work, the design and model for a bridge called "The Beast," several years later and shortly thereafter left Wright to work on his own. Soleri later pointed out that Wright was essentially a man of the Great Plains whose architectural concepts consequently were predicated on flatness and, as such, were devoid of the inspiration of mountains that pervades Soleri's forms. After he returned to Italy for five years where he built a ceramic factory in the South, Soleri went to Arizona to the land that he now occupies. His studies for buildings and bridges made during the 1950's led to the massive Mesa City project, a conceptual city environment that became the source of his more recent work. As time went on, his underground reputation grew, especially among the young architects and students. Many of them made the pilgrimage to Arizona to see more of the work and often to participate in it. His ideas and proposals thus became increasingly influential.

Soleri's proposed cities are not spaced out, saturated by pollution and waste, divided racially, or spiritually destroyed by their own misuse of their material wealth. His is what he calls an "arcological commitment," that is, a commitment that binds together architecture, ecology, and the spirit of self-creation that is a necessary condition for significant life. In his words: "The crucial problem is not to invent and produce a less pollutant car, to filter all smokestacks, to dispose better of our wastes. . . . We do not stand at the end of an abortive process that will be concluded and forgotten. We are part of a miraculous chain of events that started more than four billion years ago and has seen the most incredible things happening. . . . We can justly say that the whole history of man is in the future. But this will not come to be automatically or randomly. The future will be the willful and structural construction of itself in the actual process of self-creation." Soleri's cities are open vessels, self-contained single structures thousands of feet in height but occupying a relatively small parcel of land. In them, spacious, loft-like living quarters look out towards nature while the industrial hubs remain at the city's core. The analogy is to the human body, not to the machine. Interconnected transportation systems taking the inhabitants rapidly to their destinations, also parallel human blood, nerve, and waste disposal systems. Wastes, since they are more easily accessible in a one-shot city unit, can be reprocessed or returned usefully to nature. Under present conditions, it seems that we do the opposite: We take from nature all of our lives, but we do not return anything at all, even our dead bodies are futilely embalmed, packaged, and saved.

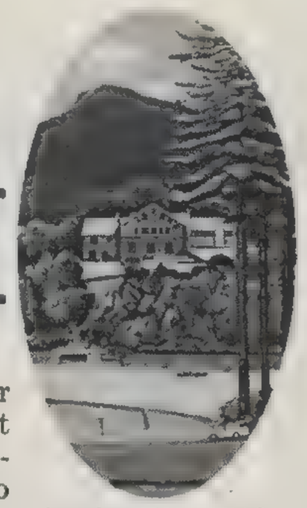
Soleri's underlying thesis is the miniaturization or compression of "energies, logistics, information, performances, thinking, doing, living, learning, playing into urban-human integrals that are the essential critical, vibrant, phenomena of life at its most lively and compassionate." As man became more complex through his evolution, and as he became capable of thought-directed action, his organs and internal functions became increasingly compressed. Should not his cities reflect the same economy of structure basic to his own evolution? The city is man's greatest practical creation, for Soleri it is always a positive force, a new Jerusalem promised. The city is capable of providing even revelation, but it must be created out of the same lean fibre that lies at the core of man's own beginnings. Soleri's genius is to open the door to the promise that the future city holds.

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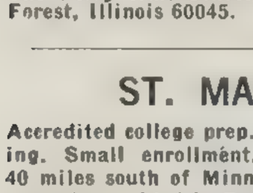
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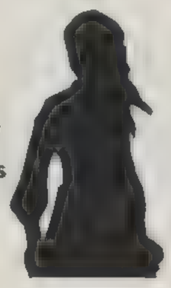
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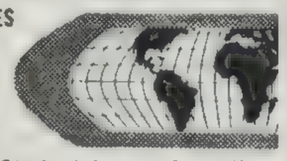
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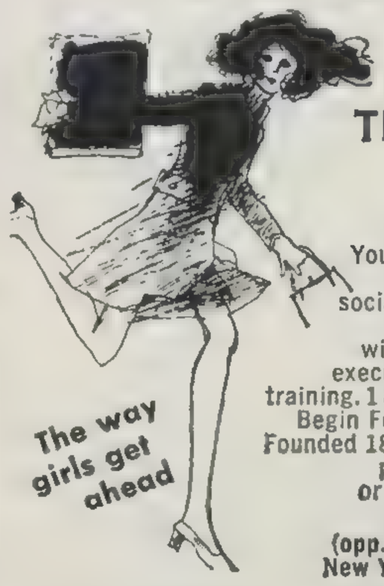


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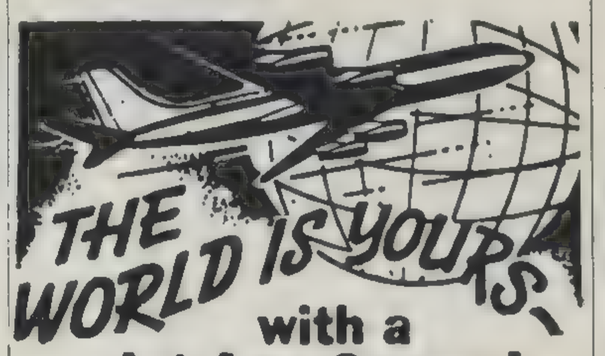
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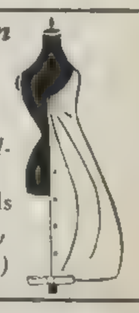
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FOOD GAZETTE

(Continued from page 47)

TAPENADE
(Tapéne: caper in Provençal)

3 cups (2 large cans) pitted black olives
2 2-ounce cans anchovy fillets in oil (or 1 2-ounce can for a less salty taste)
1 7-ounce can marinated tuna fish
1 tablespoon English mustard powder
2 3½-ounce bottles capers
¾ cup olive oil
Pinch of powdered white pepper
2 crushed cloves
Pinch of powdered ginger
Pinch of powdered nutmeg
2 tablespoons good cognac

Mix olives, anchovy fillets, tuna fish, mustard powder, and capers. Put this mixture in an electric blender on low speed. Add: the olive oil slowly (about ¼ cup at three intervals); 1 tablespoon of the mixture of the white pepper, cloves, ginger, nutmeg; and then the cognac, turning the blender on high until smooth. Keep tapenade in closed container in refrigerator.

Tapenade can be served cold as a dip with croutons, spread on toast for a midday snack, or, when mixed with the yolks of hard-cooked eggs, used as a filling for the egg whites for hors d'oeuvres. This is enough for 12 spreads or to fill 12 eggs cut lengthwise and filled (24 eggs if yolks are riced).

BOEUF À LA MODE IN JELLY
(10 to 12 servings)

In France this dish is also known as "spoon beef," because the cooked meat must be soft enough to cut with a spoon. It is a good dish to prepare on the weekend, when you can be enjoying yourself while the stock or the beef is cooking.

Veal stock:
(make this the night before)

2½ pounds veal knuckles
2 cups white wine
Juice of 1 lemon
¾ cup sliced onions
¾ cup sliced carrots
Small bunch parsley
Pinch dried thyme
1 bay leaf
Salt and white pepper

Wipe veal knuckles; in a large pan, cover with cold water. Bring to a boil, drain, rinse. Return bones to pan, add wine, boil until wine is reduced to 2 tablespoons. Add lemon juice, 3 quarts cold water; bring to a boil; skim. Add vegetables and seasonings. Reboil and simmer, partially covered, over low heat 3 hours.

Beef (next morning)

4-5 pounds beef, rolled (topside, rump, or silverside)
4 ounces pork back fat
Mixed herbs: dried or fresh tarragon, thyme, chervil
2 onions, sliced
½ stick butter
1 glass brandy
2 calf's feet, sliced (or 1 steer's foot or 2 pig's trotters)
2 pounds young carrots
Bunch parsley
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 bay leaf
Strip orange rind
Veal stock (recipe above)
1 cup red wine
Salt

Cut pork fat in ¼-inch ribbons and roll in the mixed herbs. Pierce the roast lengthwise several times with a chopstick, starting with the thin end, then widen the holes with your fingers. Use the chopstick to insert the herbed fat in these holes (you may work from both ends toward the middle). In a large pot, sauté onions in butter until soft; add the beef and brown on all sides. Add brandy, ignite, flame, and boil for a few minutes. Add calf's feet, 1 pound carrots, parsley, garlic, bay leaf, orange rind; add veal stock and wine to cover. Cover and seal lid of pot with foil. Simmer very slowly 5 hours on low flame. Cool in pot with lid askew.

When the meat is cool, remove it gently to a serving dish that is 6 to 8 inches deep. Remove string and slice carefully. Peel second pound of carrots and simmer in salted water until tender but still firm. Cut in chunks and place around meat until dish is almost full. Drain veal stock from pot, salt as desired, and pour over meat until serving dish is full. Chill until set. Scrape off surface fat or pat off with paper towel. Serve from dish or turn out on a platter.



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SEX

(Continued from page 95)

from the desperate need to feel *useful*, rather than useless.

A young man who ploughed a field with a team of strong oxen, or another who hired out on a fast clipper, even the one today who builds buildings or cultivates a desert could not feel useless. Many of our college young feel that what they are doing or will be doing could be equally well done by someone else, that our society is so big and rich that it will go on existing without them.

Here, too, there is a difficulty in the private sphere; returning from a day's hard work that one feels is important makes it much easier to be satisfied with what the home has to offer. But few homes are so perfect that they can make up for a day spent on what one considers essentially useless or insignificant work.

Talmey: Money?

BETTELHEIM: Only those who don't have to worry about it think that money is unimportant. Those who don't have it know how important money is. One can't be said to have *no* money if one knows one can get it if necessary.

I read the other day that President Nixon had to borrow five dollars. He never carries money. Royalty never carry money, either. To them money is of no concern, because they can have it whenever they need it. They can look down on those who worry over money and proudly claim money doesn't mean anything to them.

For example, some young ones who need medical and hospital services if they get sick, get free care. The affluent provide these free services through gifts or taxes. One can easily despise money if others pay for the needed services. I have known many who point out that they run around in a battered Volkswagen without giving any thought that there would not be old cars around if someone had not bought them new.

This disregard for money is something no poor person ever can have, but an affluent child can develop it if his parents spend a great deal of money in buying the good things in life. The child may never have felt good about these things. These parents, according to their light, took good care of their children's bodies, scrubbed them as infants, later straightened their teeth, did everything supposedly to give them better bodies. The child's experience may have been that his parents did all that because his body was *no good*. Thus the seeming neglect of the body seems to say: "My body as it is, is all right, despite all you did to convince me that it is not."

Talmey: Body care?

BETTELHEIM: What bothers me about life and attitudes of those with radical views is that so much of their feelings lies in the reaction to childhood experience. Some of those who run around dirty—and here I should say I have nothing against long male hair if it is well-kept—do so because of childhood cleanliness. Long hair has been repeatedly the dominant male style in history. The neglect of one's own body, however, has always been a clear indication of a lack of respect for one's self. A visit to a state mental institution reveals how utterly neglectful of their own bodies are those persons to whom life has lost all meaning. The early Greeks knew that the healthy soul needs a healthy body to reside in. It is pitiful how some of these way-out youngsters do not give their bodies their due because they are convinced their bodies do not deserve it. There really is no worse agony than to feel one has a bad body that does not deserve good care.

THE NEW CULTURE

(Continued from page 99)

Beatles sees his rôle as a rock star. George Harrison and Ringo Starr are a sideshow, in spite of their recent forays into the centre ring. Paul has opted for the chores of song construction and chosen nostalgia as his primary motif. John projects himself in the classic rôle of rock star as messiah, but he has added his own pastiche of mysticism and created a travelling peace/freak show called the Plastic Ono Band.

It is probably too soon to decide how successful John is as a messiah (he has yet to rise). But as a serious artist, he is a failure on all levels except one. He is still capable of releasing more energy in an audience than anyone in rock, and that is one sort of genius. But I wouldn't stretch that compliment to cover any of his recent albums (which are supremely pretentious in their own modest way) or manifestos. (Before we can have peace, isn't it necessary to identify and incapacitate the war-makers?)

I'm afraid John Lennon will never do for peace what Paul McCartney has done for song-writing. Paul's recent album, *McCartney*, is far and away the best thing to come out of this watershed year so far. True, the togetherness is a bit thick—a bit Claude Lelouch without the hazy flashbacks. But, why trifle. What matters most about this album is McCartney's continued mastery of song technique, his sure touch with melody, and his informal use of instruments to suggest that intimate relationship that is going to be so important in the rock to come.

The rock to come—when it does—will probably sound a lot like this unassuming record. And while I don't want to write off the other Beatles (I keep hearing that Ringo is a great deadpan comic, that George has Hoagy Carmichael up his sleeve, and that John will turn his entire generation in the right direction if he can only find it), I have a hunch that it will be Paul, of the big eyes and the 'cello and the private cabaña, who will lead us all down the long, winding road toward home.

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